THOMAS W. LAMONT WRITES ON JAN CHRISTIAAN SMUTS

Saturday Review

OF LITERATURE

NOTES ON THE NEW PULITZER PRIZES

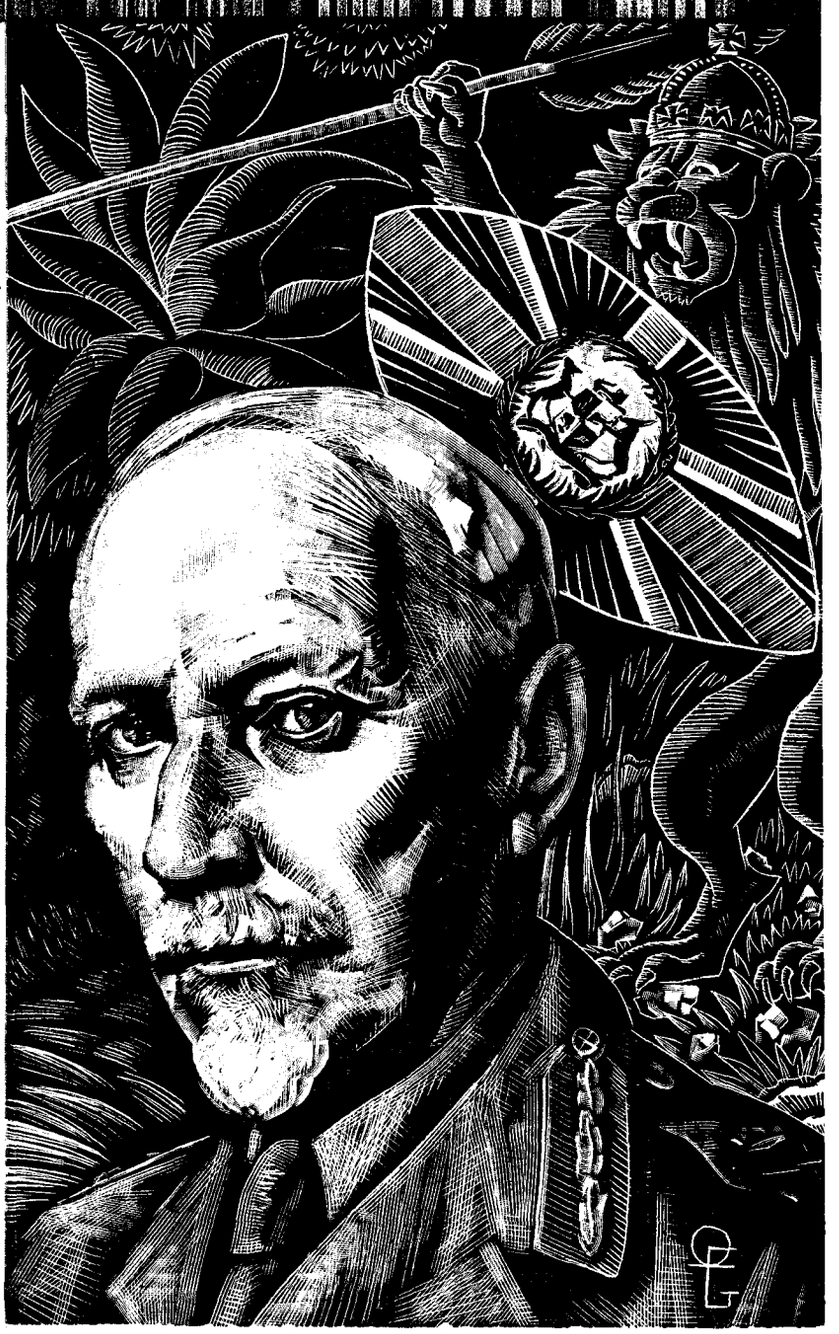
"YANKEE FROM OLYMPUS"
by Catherine Drinker Bowen
Reviewed by Lovell Thompson

"BORN UNDER SATURN"
by Catherine Macdonald Maclean
Reviewed by Christopher Morley

"HEYDAY OF A WIZARD"
by Jean Burton
Reviewed by Leonard Bacon

"THE GHOST TALKS"
by Charles Michelson
Reviewed by Henry F. Pringle

"REPORT ON DEMOBILIZATION"
by James R. Mock and Evangeline Thurber
Reviewed by Dixon Wecter



—*SRL Wood Engraving by Frances O'Brien Garfield*

JAN CHRISTIAAN SMUTS, says Mr. Crafford in his biography, has his hand upon every pulse. (See page 5)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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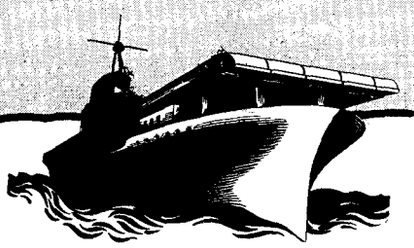

THEN THERE WAS ONE

The U. S. S. ENTERPRISE and the First Year of War

By EUGENE BURNS

Of the seven first-line U. S. aircraft carriers when war began, four were sunk, another saw action in non-Pacific waters, and another was out of action. Then there was one — the *Enterprise*. Virtually alone, the "Big E" held the long, thin Pacific line against overwhelming odds.

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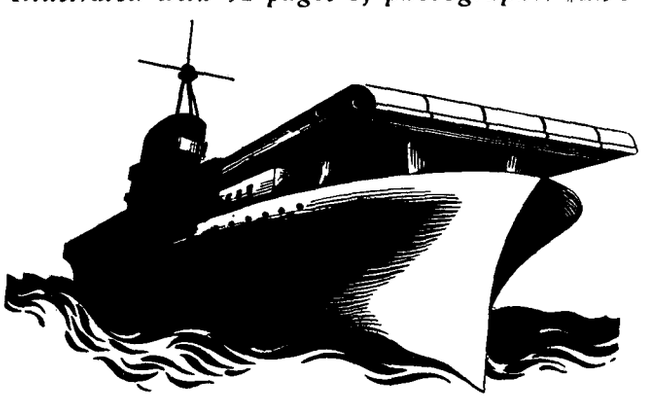

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Where there is no vision, the people perish—PROVERBS XXIX, 18

A plea for straight hard thinking on the eve of great events

We are told that thousands of young Americans will die in the invasion of Europe before the harvests are gathered this summer.

What will they have died for?

To stop Hitler? . . . to beat back a berserk Germany from dominating our world? If so, they will not have died in vain.

But is it vain to hope for more?—to hope that Hitler's defeat will be War's defeat—to hope that the coming victory will usher in a constructive, *durable* peace in Europe?

Whether this tragic war is followed by long years of peace, or only by an uneasy truce ending too soon in another war, will be decided in part by *how much hard thinking we do right here at home—beginning right now.*

What will give us a durable peace in Europe?

Shall we rely on the vague promises of the Atlantic Charter? They have already been tossed aside in action by Russia—and by Britain and America, too, for that matter.

Shall we depend on our present policy of "expediency"? It supports discredited kings and a status quo which many Europeans hate almost as much as they do the Nazis.

It will take a lot more than these to bring a permanent peace for Europe. It will require continuous common decisions among the nations concerned—decisions in which the people as well as the presidents and premiers must take part.

On several occasions Secretary of State Cordell Hull has publicly reaffirmed the general principles that govern America's relations with Europe and the rest of the world.

But the swift march of day-to-day events shows that general principles are not enough. We (meaning *you*) have got to make some *specific* decisions pretty soon.

Right decisions will help to win the war. Wrong decisions will certainly lose the peace. The important questions have no easy answers. For example:

When Old Glory flies over the Rhine—what then?

One decision we must face is what to do with a beaten Germany.

- ▶ Do you want Germany divided into dozens of little states?
- ▶ Do you want to see pieces of Germany given to her neighbors as was done to ancient Poland?
- ▶ If so, do you want the Germans "evacuated" from East Prussia to make room for Russian and Polish colonists?
- ▶ If Germans are allowed to stay where they are, do you want them treated like a conquered people or like equal citizens?
- ▶ Do you want Germans to rebuild the cities German armies have destroyed?

If none of these make sense to you, then what should be done with Germany?

Perhaps we must first find a solution for the problems of Europe as a whole. Problems like these:

- ▶ Are Europe's 18 nations to stay economically isolated from each other as they were between the last war and this one?
- ▶ Are their clashing interests to keep them in a state of more or less continuous war—declared or undeclared?
- ▶ And what about the social revolution and the class war by which all Europe was torn, all through the thirties? In which direction should America throw the weight of her influence—or can we afford not to exert our influence at all?

And finally—how great a part are you willing that American leaders, American boys, and American dollars should play in building a new democratic Europe that can live in peace?

• • •

What are you doing to get these questions answered—to prepare yourself to be part of an informed public opinion?

Are you thinking hard and straight? Are you reading, talking, guiding the conversation around you into channels that lead into the reservoir of national thinking on these difficult, terribly important subjects? *Are you using your* **mindpower** *to prepare for an American crisis as great as those of* 1919, 1865, 1787?

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Smuts—World Leader in War and Peace

At Seventy-four, the Marshal Holds to a Serene and Determined Optimism

THOMAS W. LAMONT

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Jan Christiaan Smuts, who last week arrived in London for a series of important Dominion conferences, is also prominently represented among the new books. Next week E. P. Dutton will publish "Old Master, The Life of Jan Christian Smuts," by René Kraus; recently, a collection of the Marshal's own speeches and public statements was published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce; recently, too, Doubleday, Doran & Company published a biography, "Jan Smuts," by F. S. Crafford. In the following review of Mr. Crafford's book, Mr. Lamont has taken advantage of his own long personal friendship with Marshal Smuts to give an intimate picture of him as statesman, philosopher, and military genius. He interprets, too, what Smuts himself termed his "explosive" speech of last November; he predicts something of Britain's relationship to the Continent of Europe in the post-war world; and he makes clear the reasons for the high repute in which Smuts is held throughout the world.*

PEOPLE naturally talk much of the Big Four—Roosevelt, Churchill, Stalin, and Chiang Kai-shek. But surely these eminent personages would, if it were theirs to say, make it a Big Five; for the express purpose of including that great leader and statesman, Marshal Jan Christiaan Smuts, Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa. In every way he has shown himself worthy of such association and the world has so acclaimed him.

It was Smuts, almost single-handed, who, through sheer determination and driving force, brought the South African parliament early in September, 1939 to declare war on Germany and thus render the adherence of the Dominions of the British Commonwealth unanimous and complete. That vote at Cape Town was a tight fit. The then Prime Minister, General Hertzog, demanded in furious terms that the country should remain neutral. Even after General Smuts's stirring appeal the issue hung dangerously in the balance. And the final vote was won by the narrow margin of 80 to 67. Smuts knew what the peril was for his country. He knew of the strong pro-Nazi organizations that flourished in the Union and in Southwest Africa. He spoke from profound conviction when from the floor he declared that Hitler was out for world domination, that unless the Union acted promptly Hitler would demand, and attempt to seize, the great region of Southwest Africa (an ill-administered German colony in the days prior to World War I), and then the Union's security would be gone overnight.

It was immediately following this triumph that Smuts, after an interval of fifteen years, came back into the premiership, and though in his seventieth year took hold of the situation with immense vigor. He undertook the Ministry of Defense, he organized the recruiting and arming of the fighting forces, he became their Commander-in-Chief, he pushed through all the complex supply and control measures necessary to the conduct of a war. And on top of all else, from the very start he advocated to the British War Cabinet the vital necessity, whatever happened, of defending Egypt and the Suez Canal, and next of capturing the North African littoral and thus controlling the South Mediterranean. For over two thousand years, he pointed out, the rise and fall of civilizations had turned on the control of the Mediterranean.

Powerful in Strategy

In these modern days, with the shortcut to India and all the Far East hanging in the balance, the necessity became even more manifest. It was this strategy that Smuts advocated by message, by frequent flights to the fighting fronts in Egypt, and finally in person with Churchill and his colleagues in London. Indeed, one cannot well exaggerate the part that the South African Premier played in the successful development of the North African campaign. That his bold and aggressive course in the war aroused renewed confidence in his country was shown when, in the Spring of 1943, he appealed to the voters for a fresh mandate and he and his supporters were returned to power by an overwhelming majority. As a leader in both war and in peace he has made himself irreplaceable.

General Smuts shows Mrs. Smuts the route of a prospective journey.

Meanwhile on many occasions Marshal Smuts had given utterance to high and inspiriting words that emphasized his outstanding force as a political statesman and a philosopher. In his address to the joint houses of the British Parliament in October of 1942, when England had gone through and risen triumphant from the darkest hours of her danger and trials, Smuts in speaking of Winston Churchill said: "His words and foresight, his courage and energy have been an inspiration to all of us. He remains the embodiment of the spirit of eternal youth and resilience—the spirit of a great undying nation in one of the greatest moments of history." Then Smuts went on:

> I speak of that inward glory, that splendor of the spirit, which has shone over this land from the soul of its people. And when, after a long absence, I see today this flame of the spirit above the flame of the blitz, I feel that I have come to a greater, prouder, more glorious home of the free than I ever learnt to know in its palmiest days. This is the glory of the spirit, which sees and knows no defeat or loss, but increasingly nerves, nourishes, and sustains the will to final victory.
>
> The spirit of man is neither dead nor decadent. It will never bend the knee before the new slavery. The light of freedom which has guided our slow and faltering advance through the ages still shines in the night which has overtaken us. The glory is still with us, and we shall follow it with all our strength and

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devotion to the new dawn which surely awaits our race.

Again and again has Marshal Smuts warned the world with all his power against the mortal peril which it faces today. The greatest issues since the dawn of Christianity are hanging in the balance: this is a war between the spirit and the machine of cruelty and despotism.

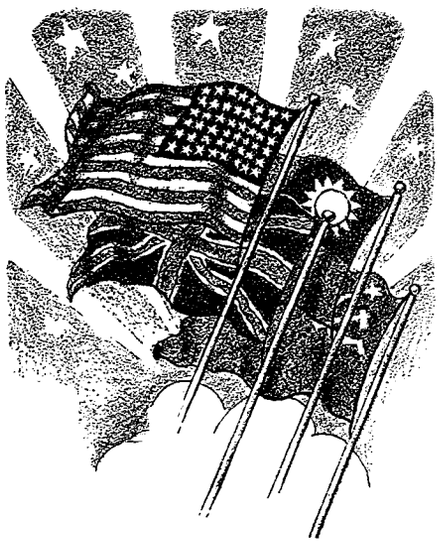
* * *

These are some of the reflections which naturally come to mind as I finish reading the latest published biography of General Smuts, as I have always known and called him.* This is the third life of Smuts that has been published. The first was by Sarah Gertrude Millin, an appreciative and on the whole excellent work that came out in 1936. That was just after I had returned from a month's visit to the General, spent at his home at Irene near Pretoria, in camp with him in the Kruger National Park, and on a long air flight to the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi. And, by way of comment on the Millin book, I wrote a piece for *The Saturday Review* that included some of my personal experiences of the General's personality, an account of his early military exploits in the Boer War, of his successful strategy in World War I, his humor and his philosophy.

Two years later a second biography appeared—"Gray Steel"—written by H. C. Armstrong, who left out the human side of Smuts and stressed in a decidedly hostile spirit all the stern decisions that he had had to make in those troublous years after the Boer War when Smuts faced the gigantic task of welding together the disparate elements of the Union into a solid Dominion of the British Commonwealth.

Trials That Smuts Bore

Now Crafford has done a very workmanlike job. He pulls no punches and uses plenty of strong adjectives in describing the sterner side of Smuts's character. He finds that on various occasions during the course of his forty years of service for his countrymen, the subject of his sketch was cold, inaccessible, aloof, intolerant, at heart a dictator, an opportunist, and so on, adding that Smuts was always ruthlessly efficient. Of all these adjectives "efficient" is the only one that I could properly endorse. As for the others I suggest that if you are trying to weld a new nation into being, following a cruel and bloody, a devastating struggle like the Boer War; if you have scores of conflicting elements to cope with; if you



have to deal with all the lawlessness of huge mining regions like the Rand (gold) and Kimberley (diamonds); if you have to have somebody to quell riotings and rebellions; if you have to federate legislatures, reorganize the law courts, keep a watchful eye on the economy of a country with almost as varied climates and races as we have in America, then indeed, I say, if you are going to do the job efficiently, you have to be courageous enough to do the unpopular things, to incur the hostility of many stick-in-the-mud groups, to face unflinchingly bitter outcries from many quarters concerned with their own little bailiwicks.

That is, I know, a long sentence, but it describes exactly what Smuts had to do. And he did it again and again, and has not hesitated to do it through the whole course of his political life. Of course, a man like that has been an easy mark for all less scrupulous or designing politicians. The public prejudices that they were able to rouse against Smuts were for years terrific. Even his military victories in war-time, and his response to urgent requests that he come to London to advise the British Cabinet in both World Wars, have been incitements to envy and abuse by his own countrymen. Until his last election in 1943 not infrequently it had been said that outside his own land he commanded the admiration of the whole civilized world, but that among his own people he was the subject of bitter opposition and abuse.

Crafford sets forth chapter and verse of these hard trials which Jan Smuts had to face down. But then he gives full credit for his noble spirit and extraordinary achievement. He harks back to those thrilling days of the Boer War when Smuts, a not very vigorous man of thirty and with no previous training, became a military leader of the first order, snapped his fingers at the overwhelming British forces, led his commando raids through and around them for a thousand miles to the Cape Colony, enduring the most agonizing hardships, always looking after his men first, and meeting seemingly hopeless situations with the most complete intrepidity. Smuts has never been afraid of anything, Crafford declares.

I once asked the General how he accounted for his extraordinary hardiness at the present time, thinking nothing at the age of seventy plus of taking a vigorous scramble up to the top of the 3,000-foot mountain at Cape Town. He replied by attributing it to the life to which he had had to inure himself in the Boer War two-score years before. For days and nights on end, he said, his clothes were never dry, he had to sleep on the open windswept high veldt in puddles and with soaking boots, living on the land and scantily enough at that.

Driving Out the Germans

Crafford makes much of the joint foray that Generals Botha and Smuts made in World War I into Southwest Africa, snatching that vast colony from Germany; and then of General Smuts's aggressive strategy that conquered German East Africa (Kenya and Tanganyika) in a burst of speed. When he first arrived at headquarters there Smuts found the British general hopelessly bogged down and the whole situation in a mess—the German forces threatening from all sides. After taking charge and studying the lay of the land Smuts said: "We are going to attack—and at once." And it was that strategy pursued with relentless energy that won East Africa for the Allies and gave Smuts his great acclaim as a military strategist and leader. It was the first clean-cut victory that the Allies had, and it was small wonder that Smuts was summoned to London, shown every honor, and was asked by the War Cabinet to sit in and then to undertake all the most difficult tasks that came along—"the Handy-Man of the Empire," as he was called. And as to his part in World War II, his journeyings and his activities have been so freshly recorded that they need no repetition.

In any review of Smuts's life, his greatest single achievement, as British statesmen and historians view it, was his triumph in 1905, when with all the wounds from the Boer War still unhealed, he went to London and persuaded Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the Prime Minister of the Liberal Government that had just come into power, that the Boers should be granted self-government. This Smuts accomplished in the face of skeptics in both South Africa and England. As Crafford puts it: "The Boers would

*JAN SMUTS. By F. S. Crafford. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc. 1944. 322 pp. $3.50.

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rule the Transvaal again, and to Smuts would come once more those things which to him were the essence of life and which had so long been denied to him: political opportunity, scope for ambition and power * * * within the vast British Empire." And students of history have always regarded that settlement as the wisest single step that Britain ever took in the development of her wide-flung Empire.

When we stop to think of it, we must recognize that whether or not to some the word "Empire" is offensive, nevertheless the aggregation of free peoples within the framework of the British Commonwealth itself constitutes on the whole the most effective league of nations that the world has ever seen. And the Union of South Africa, gathered together a few years after Smuts's arrangement with Campbell-Bannerman, under the leadership of the very generals that had been fiercely fighting England only a few years before, was a striking example of the results of liberal political thinking. It was General Botha, the most beloved of all the Boer leaders, who, at General Smuts's insistence, became the first Prime Minister, Smuts becoming Colonial Secretary and Minister of Education. Later, when one of his adherents questioned Botha's wisdom in giving Smuts such important portfolios in the new Union of South Africa Cabinet, the Prime Minister retorted, "Old son, you people don't know Jan Smuts yet. Our country is still too young to play about with brains."

In the difficult years following World War I and the death of Smuts's beloved leader, General Botha, Smuts became Prime Minister. But by 1924 all the discontented elements were able to unite under the leadership of General Hertzog who, violently anti-British, had been sniping at Smuts for a long time. The Smuts Government fell and Hertzog came in for a long period of power. But after a decade of it he, too, found the situation getting out of hand and so formed a Union Government with Smuts as deputy Prime Minister. In 1936 when I was out there and my host presented me to the Prime Minister, General Hertzog said pleasantly: "Yes, I have the title, but it is General Smuts who runs the Government!" And now, says Crafford, "everything in the Union revolves around the dynamic personality of Jan Smuts. His hand is upon every pulse. He controls everything and everybody. His spirit broods over the land." And when in 1941, the Governor General, the late Sir Patrick Duncan, acting as the deputy for King George VI, presented to General Smuts his baton as Field Marshal, he declared: "He [Smuts] is a great rock in a weary land." It was all true enough, as Crafford says in his biography, namely, that "the story of Smuts since the early days of this century has been the story of South Africa. His ups and downs have been distinct periods in South African history. He is the epitome of force and development of his country in this century."

His Recent "Explosive" Speech

No review, however inadequate, of Smuts's part in the present conflict could fail to mention that address of his which he himself styled "explosive" and which in effect threw out the suggestion that, as compared with the might of America and of Russia, Britain in the post-war world might prove clearly a junior partner, and that therefore, in order to render Britain's weakened situation less insecure, certain of the lesser democracies of Western Europe, with political principles in harmony with Britain's, might link themselves to her in some loosely federated tie. The Marshal made no bones of the fact that any such arrangement would strengthen Great Britain and make her position and her influence for permanent peace and economic stability on the Continent of Europe far more effective.

This address was made last November before the Empire Parliamentary Association in London, and although not fully reported at the time its ideas aroused enough adverse criticism to lead the British Government to state that the Marshal was voicing purely his own ideas. Public comment generally was to the effect that Smuts was speaking a bit out of turn, and that any such suggestions as to the inclusion of some of the Continental democracies in the British orbit might come with better grace from such countries themselves: certainly Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Norway, as examples, have found to their unutterable woe that the neutrality of the lesser nations is not the slightest protection to their freedom from brutal aggression and enslavement. "Neutrality," as Smuts put it, so far as being a measure of protection, is "dead."

My own comment, if I may be so bold as to make one on the Marshal's "explosive" utterance, is first, that it did no harm whatsoever—Marshal Smuts's repute for liberalism and sincerity is too secure to be dimmed by frank expression of unusual sentiments; second, that Britain has not been so vastly weakened economically as the Marshal fears. She will have honor and prestige, he says, but will be "poor." I am not minimizing the deep economic wounds that the nation has suffered. Yet over the generations we have seen the most striking instances of Britain's power of recuperation from the heaviest blows. It was so after World War I. It will prove so again after the present terrific struggle, even though perhaps with greater difficulty, even more slowly. But the same qualities that enabled the British to withstand the German air blitz of 1940-41 and found them valiant and unafraid will carry them back to solvency and prosperity once more, given a world stable enough for all of us to work in.

What a Stable World Means

And when I say "all of us," I emphatically mean to include Great Britain and the United Nations generally. It is of immense importance to America that Britain, materially and politically, should be strong. We need for our partners in the enterprise of peace nations that are solvent and making progress as going concerns. An im-

(*Continued on page* 28)

—British Official Photograph

Prime Minister Winston Churchill and Marshal Smuts in Cairo.

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The Line of Dissent

The Holmes' Winning Fight Against Oblivion

LOVELL THOMPSON

"CONSIDERED philosophically, Henry's life is, in effect, a continuation of my grandfather's." Brooks Adams is writing; he is talking about Henry Adams and John Quincy Adams. "To me the picture of the old man in his last days, submitting to the destiny which he could not avert but which he had long seen approaching, is pathetic, and is not unlike that of his grandson who has written for our contemplation his regret at the loss of religious faith, and his resignation to resistless nature." "Both our grandfather and our great-grandfather were obnoxious to the goldbugs of their time. I should hardly be true bred were I loved by those of mine." "It is now full four generations since John Adams wrote the constitution of Massachusetts. It is time that we perished. The world is tired of us."

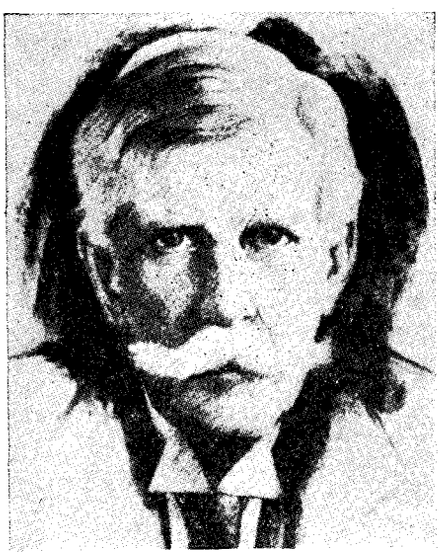
Brooks Adams's eye always carried its own illumination with it. What he saw when he looked at the Adamses was not a succession of careers but the evolution of a single mind. That is also what you see when you look at the Holmses. Mrs. Bowen in her shrewd, affectionate book* brings that out. Her biography is like a portrait by an intuitive artist. In it the subject's family will see, delicately accentuated, scars of personality of which the artist could have had no knowledge. Thus do the stern lines of a single New England character thrust themselves at you from this book.

In a democracy families are not sustained by noble title or land entailed. Wry, angry, stubborn arrogance, naivete, and intellectual power, subtlety, foresight, and vision, have commonly been the ingredients of New England greatness. These qualities along with a few railroad bonds have been passed from father to son. They spring directly out of the history of New England, for these are the qualities of the non-conformist—the religious revolutionary.

No heresy was ever founded on good-fellowship or upon a true respect for authority or for the mass of men. Heresy must be haughty, intent, and harsh. It must be self-righteous and exhibitionistic. It must be thrifty, austere, and paternalistic. These are the conditions of success. By the terms of its founding New England must ever rebel and dissent. The greatness of New England lies in the fact that so long as it runs true to type, its opinions cannot be inherited but its habit of mind is.

It is fitting that one of the most recent of great New Englanders should have been given the title of the great dissenter—that is New England's only hereditary title. Abiel Holmes dissented when his parishioners wished him to accept the New Unitarian Doctrine. It cost him his church, which he had held for thirty-seven years. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes dissented on the fate of Old Ironsides and on puerperel fever. The Justice was but a last act in a single drama.

This unity, which Mrs. Bowen has failed to stress, is one of the most illuminating things about the Holmes family. Brooks Adams noted a progression of thought from father to son. By middle life Henry had achieved a degree of disillusionment and sophistication that his grandfather found only on his deathbed. There was a similar progression among the Holmeses. Abiel was a fundamentalist, the Doctor was a pantheist, the Justice was an agnostic. In the Holmes' Boston almost the only legacy available was the influence of the father upon the son; no public school or British nanny intervened to cushion the effect. Here in Boston, therefore, the anatomy of family distinction is most clearly revealed. Above all it is clear in the case of the Holmes family and in the Adams family.



Mr. Justice Holmes, from the etching by Sally Tate.

In all this world of do-or-die-and-then-die-anyhow, there is no fight more handsome or more hopeful than that which a family of good men puts up against oblivion. In splendid movements a generation long, the play may move through hundreds of years, the pitch of suspense mounting throughout a century to a height unbearable. To understand the play to the full you must consider the hazards to which the principals are exposed, each at his own hands and each at the hands of his antecedents. You must perceive the farthest implication of the struggle.

Just as the foetus presents a collapsed and distorted version of all pre-history in the nine months of its parasitic existence, so individual life after birth may present to us the future. If the gills of the foetus show us that man once swam in the sea, so an old man's dream may foreshadow a happy decade in the life of his grandson, a millenium in the twilight of the world. The doubt of heaven that John Quincy Adams put from him was the subject of his grandson's greatest book. Abiel's conscience lost him a parish; the Justice's won him the world.

THERE is no good place at which to take up the Holmes family, but Abiel's grandmother Hewett is as good as any. She learned Greek in a log cabin against her family's will; Holmeses from here on were used to intellectual women. Men seek out what they understand; the Holmeses understood able-minded mothers, and they married able-minded wives. If they had not been able themselves, a few generations of this would have made them so.

Ambition is usually a condition of fame in a family. Certainly this is true of the Holmeses. Abiel believed in the doctrine of original sin—the Doctor, who wrote and thought a good deal about religion, believed that God was love. He speaks with seriousness and conviction on such things, and through fifty years of writing you can feel the fierce resentment of the loving child against the father's harsher and more egotistic faith. It was the Doctor's determined light-mindedness that got him started. That light-mindedness was a reaction to his father's lugubrious faith. The Doctor hated the law, and so, a bit grimly, the Justice set out to make a success of it. Ambition in the Reverend Abiel Holmes was a matter of religion; in the Doctor and the Justice it must have sprung in part from antagonism between son and father.

A second condition is that after

*YANKEE FROM OLYMPUS. By Catherine Drinker Bowen. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. The Atlantic Monthly Press. 1944. 475 pp. $3.

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fame has been achieved, the family must go on—must breed. There must be not only individual ambition, but ambition for the line which is to a certain degree antipathetic to the individual since it supersedes him in importance. A third and final condition is ability. If the Doctor had, like his brother, remained an amiable bachelor throughout his life, we would have been the worse off by one great dissenter. But the Doctor felt a strong ambition for his breed. He did not want to be one man, but part of a line. It shows in his naming his son after himself, in his enormous pride in the Justice, in his description of the Brahmin strain. Perhaps it shows again in his marriage, for he married his second cousin.

These are but the primary conditions of three generations of distinction. There are in addition the hazards that arise from the necessary competition between father and son, from the mounting tension as the jackpot grows and each son caps a new climax in the face of the world's amazement, from the need of crossing the blood, from the danger of social position and dilettantism, and finally, from the ever-present hazard of tempering sensitive, urgent, and intelligent natures for accomplishment.

All this must be done in non-conformist New England without the security against error of land or title, and with only the doubtful benefit of shrinking trust funds.

It is the tragedy of the Doctor that he who did so much for the name of Holmes should have—in the person of his son—failed. It is the character of the Doctor that does not come through in Mrs. Bowen's book. She got so interested in seeing him through the eye of the Justice that she forgot to look at him for herself.

The Doctor was something of a stoic in that he did not urge his deepest self upon the world. This self comes out most clearly in his novels. Odd novels they are, foreshadowing the discoveries of Freud—they are psychic and perceptive, and when the old Doctor paused to describe a woman, he knew in compromising detail what she looked like. That very gentle man had an extraordinary eye for the sensuous. His egotism, one feels, was superficial, used as a cloak to conceal his eager, anxious concern for the world—perhaps in the end, but only in the end, the cloak became the man.

Mrs. Bowen tells us that when the Justice went out, his father always asked him where he was going, and that the question, "Wendell, where are you going?" so got on the Justice's nerves that he got to using the back door to avoid it. He felt it was

***Vanity Fair's* sketch of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, London, 1886.**

the eternal search for "copy" and that he was being victimized. To me it primarily was interest in the son's welfare that prompted the question—if copy came out of it, well and good, that has always been the writer's privilege, and it is New England exhibitionism as well.

The Justice, then, was brought up under the shadow of an observant and uncanny mind in the too close atmosphere of tender constant affection. As the Doctor reacted to the Divine, so the Justice reacted to the Doctor. But Wendell had a better man to outstrip than his father had. Moreover he chose the hard way to do it. His father told him that a lawyer could not be a great man. It was an honest warning. Certainly it is fair to say that a lawyer cannot so easily win public recognition in his field as can a writer in the world of books. It followed that the Justice had to give up more to being great. A further handicap was three years of war—which on the one hand gave the second Oliver Wendell Homes time for thought and sudden unwelcome wisdom, but which on the other hand must have shocked and tired his spirit.

At thirty Holmes was urged into marrying his childhood friend, Fanny Dixwell, who was a year his senior and who had passed up ten good years of marriage waiting for him. There is less novelty in such a marriage than in most. No new background to assimilate. And Mrs. Holmes's already proven devotion was a still further factor which made the road of matrimony smooth. Fanny, who had looked after her brothers and sisters, began looking after her husband. She was wholly devoted to his cause. The marriage was childless.

This is the pattern (or at least one familiar pattern) for great men. The early trial, the later period of thought and study on which a lifetime of accomplishment could be based, and finally the uneventful marriage which gave more time for work, not less. It brings out the fundamental opposition between the individual and the line. It shows you how much Wendell gave up to be a great man at the law. Only as the Justice grew older and saw that the race against his father was won, did he grow warmer, did he finally grow up.

About this time Fanny kept flying squirrels in their bedroom and talked a little wildly to Beverly taxi drivers about anthropomorphized clouds. Fanny was not pretty, but her picture at seventeen was that of a beautiful and alluring woman. In later life she began to sound alarmingly like Elsie Venner. Without loving Wendell less she grew to hate the "deep, self-beneficial Boston groove"—Washington came too late.

And so the line of the Oliver Wendell Holmeses ended, and you cannot escape the thought that the gentle old Doctor anxiously asked too much, and that the great line of dissent dissented itself out of existence. We are not told about the junior line. There is vastly more to the story of the Holmeses than that which began with Abiel and ended with the Justice, but Brooks Adams had almost called the pace for Adams and Holmes alike, "It is time that we perished, the world is tired of us." He should have said, "We are tired of the world."

Brooks felt the presence of a super-life, transcending individual lives, that was drawing to a close. The Doctor, gazing into the shadow, saw coincidence disappear. "How oddly antenatal history comes out," he wrote, ". . . our life is half under ground." It was not time then for the Doctor to attempt to unearth his vision. It is not time now for the super-life to be pinned down and analyzed and so we cannot blame Mrs. Bowen for not doing it. Yet perhaps Mrs. Bowen does not quite see it. In the Adamses and the Holmeses alike a single heroic mind—needed desperately in the world today—ended too soon. The strain of piling success on success by force of intellect is too great. The Adamses gave up with their minds; the Holmeses gave out—New England asks too much; that is the glory and the tragedy of the Line of Dissent.

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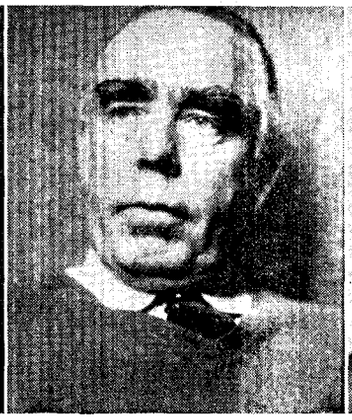
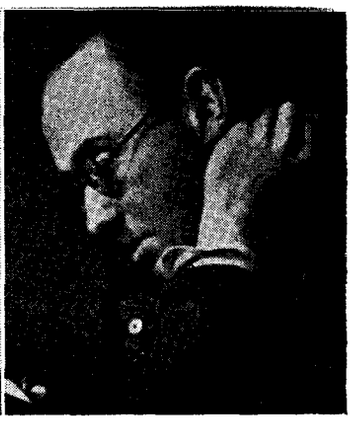
Merle Curti



Martin Flavin

Carleton Mabee



Stephen Vincent Benét

The New Pulitzer Awards

THIS year's Pultizer Prize winners in letters:

Fiction: "Journey in the Dark," by Martin Flavin;

Biography: "The American Leonardo: The Life of Samuel F. B. Morse," by Carleton F. Mabee;

History: "Growth of American Thought," by Merle Curti;

Poetry: "Western Star," by Stephen Vincent Benét.

Drama: No Award. (Special award for "Oklahoma.")

The editors of *The Saturday Review* congratulate the authors and publishers of the winning books. Individually and collectively, the books are deserving candidates and do not suffer in comparison with most of the previous awards of the Pultizer Committee. We confess, however, that we were surprised—using surprise not necessarily in the sense of disappointment but in the purest meaning of the word—by three of the four selections. To be precise, we were surprised more by the exclusion of what seemed to us outstanding candidates than by the titles actually selected.

In fiction, for example, we had supposed that John P. Marquand's "So Little Time" was not only the logical but the inevitable choice. If a more readable novel was published in 1943, we have not heard of it—and this is no reflection on Mr. Flavin's sincere and deftly handled work. Apart from the sheer reading enjoyment of "So Little Time" was an incisive command of characterization and satire that stands close to the top of American fiction in its particular field. Granted that Mr. Marquand's central figure, Jeffrey Wilson, is at best a negative and futile individual—for all his easy sophistication; granted this, the fact still remains that Mr. Flavin's own central figure, Sam Breden, is even more negative in a far less attractive way. We mention this only because the chief criticism made of "So Little Time" seems to have centered around Jeffrey Wilson's inadequacy as an individual prepared and able to fill a constructive role in times that cry for constructive action. Considered apart from Mr. Marquand's book, however, the choice of "Journey in the Dark" gives recognition to a mature and polished novel.

In biography, we are pleased that the accolade should have been given to what is certainly the finest new biographical talent to reveal itself in 1943. Carleton Mabee is thirty years old; in his life of Samuel F. B. Morse he has proved himself capable of weaving together an intricate biographical pattern without any loss of proper shading and weight for the individual strands. At the same time, we feel that, while no argument can be raised against the book on grounds that it is lacking in merit, a better argument might be made on the grounds of all-around distinction for the selection of either "George Washington Carver," by Mrs. Rackham Holt, or "Walt Whitman," by Henry Seidel Canby. Naturally, we had been rooting for Dr. Canby, but we anticipated considerable opposition from Mrs. Holt's beautifully conceived and executed life of Dr. Carver.

In history, as in fiction and biography, the selection passed up what seemed to be, at least to us, the most prominent candidate. Bernard DeVoto's "The Year of Decision," a study of the trans-Mississippian West in the year 1846, seemed outstanding among historical studies. But we are not disposed to quarrel with any honors bestowed upon a book written by Dr. Curti, whose work over the years has contributed so richly and with such great distinction to American historical scholarship.

The choice in poetry speaks for itself. Stephen Vincent Benét deserves his second Pultizer Prize and we can only regret that he is not here to see honored the piece of work which was one of his principal contributions to America's struggle for survival.

We liked the Pultizer Committee's handling of the drama award. Broadway has had a year of smash hits, but the successes, as a whole, have been less artistic than financial. One of the hits —this one an operetta, "Oklahoma!," which didn't qualify for the regular drama award—has won a special award of its own. All the more power to "Oklahoma!," its author, Lew Riggs, and its adaptors, Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein 2nd.

In previous years, the editors polled the nation's book reviewers several weeks before the Pultizer Award announcements were made, asking for their nominations. It has been decided this year, instead, to poll the reviewers after the awards have been made, in an effort to obtain an overall opinion of the selections. The results of this poll will appear in an early issue.

Listed below are brief biographies of the authors of the prize-winning books, together with brief references to the original reviews of these titles appearing in *The Saturday Review.*

Fiction

MARTIN FLAVIN, whose "Journey in the Dark" has carried off the award for fiction, arrived late at writing as a profession. For a brief period after leaving college he tried his hand at short stories, but abandoned his efforts to enter the family manufacturing business in the Middle West. He was in the middle thirties before he turned to writing again, this time for the stage, and forty when the first of his plays was produced on Broadway. Now at sixty-one—Mr. Flavin was born in San Francisco on November 2, 1883—he has won not only the Harper Prize but the much coveted Pultizer Award with "Journey in the Dark." Reviewing the book in the issue of *The Saturday Review* of November 13, 1943, Wallace Stegner said in a carefully balanced critique of the book:

This is a novel which has clearly

(*Continued on page* 26)

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Calling All Hazlitt Lovers

BORN UNDER SATURN: A Biography of William Hazlitt. By Catherine Macdonald Maclean. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1944. 631 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

MISS MACLEAN has gorgeously exploded an ancient superstition of English literature, poor Hazlitt's agonized phobia that he was unattractive to women. Her biography—which should be forbidden to those who haven't already learned something about Hazlitt in their own hearts—is a love letter of some 600 pages. This is all to the good: the writing best worth metal and ink arises from love (coming or going). One can only wish that Miss Maclean had sometimes cancelled the apostrophes of excitement. "William of Wem!" she cries, "a poison-thorny way lies before thee!" This is true enough; but it's good Carlyle, not good Maclean. Nor is it good Saintsbury, whose pupil she was. From that magnificent old hippogriff she may well have acquired her feeling for Hazlitt; but we would have preferred fewer italics and notes of admiration.

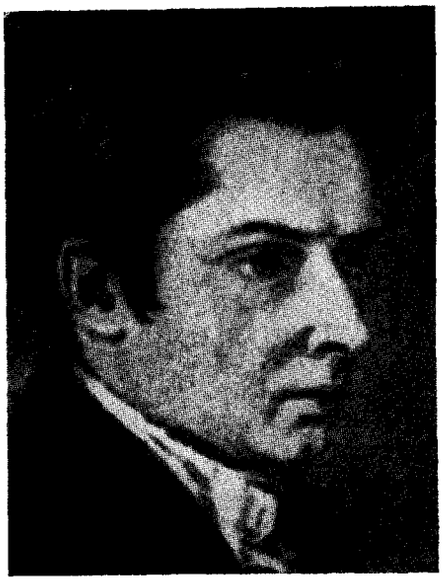
Still, the lover of Hazlitt—and those who aren't are negligible in the iron brigade of English prose—can forgive anything. W. H. himself taught us to. The same kind of neuters who moaned about Keats's letters when published, uttered wails of dismay at the "Liber Amoris." Yet it is my own pure conviction that any man of forty-five who has not ferreted out that New Pygmalion for himself, and if possible owned and marked it, is an ignoramus in the creative germ. Once I put it to myself thus, in a poem refused by editors because they said it was obscure:—

William Hazlitt knew what the score is
When he wrote his *Liber Amoris.*

What always tickled me most about Hazlitt was that he made no pretence of the childish anxiety alleged by many writers: that they are afraid of being misunderstood. What worried W. H., in rare moments of prudence, was that his readers might understand. No journalist ever wrote more dangerously for Then, and more deliciously for Afterward.

I forget who it was first called Hazlitt the Shakespeare of the Essay; it was a true handbill. The so-called familiar essay, spuriously superscribed to the chance reader waiting in some coffee-room for the Bury St. Edmunds coach, was really written for Freud or Sally Walker. It is double entry or *double entendre.* When sufficiently agitated about something grotesquely individual, the mind can break free and approach universals. Hazlitt's tragic obsession in the "Liber Amoris" (which Miss Maclean discusses with fulness and intelligence never reached before) is as weird as Shakespeare's in the Sonnets; except that Shakespeare, poor bloke, was working off at least three obsessions at once. Hazlitt, like Shakespeare, knew that the perfect confidant is some Man Who Knew Coolidge; some Amoeba the Beautiful in the Bury coach or the Chicago Pullman. I think Miss Maclean is a little unfair to "Crabius" (Henry Crabb Robinson) who gives us the typical contemporary gloss on our knight of the rueful countenance. Goodness, we wouldn't *want* Crabius to understand William of Wem, would we? That we reserve, as lovers must, for ourself.

Even after all these years, if you are the true reader, you can't think closely about Hazlitt without pity and pain. How do you want your Mr. W. H.? The child who lost his silver shoebuckle on Cape Cod, and thought it better if America had been left to the wild Indians (as it mostly has been)? The radiant child who mysteriously became sullen at age twelve? The boy who "cut into the whole leaf" of literature when he read "Tom Jones?" The psycholept of the Unitarian chapel at Shrewsbury, released from stagnation by Coleridge? The painter-copyist of the Louvre? The man who married Sarah Stoddart because she liked sausages? The lecturer on poetry? The recluse of Winterslow Hut? The



William Hazlitt

agonist of that inn on the Scotch border where the road across the moors —the London-Sally road—drew from him as nerve-naked ink as man ever traced? The Hazlitt loved and honored by Lamb and Keats is too good for most of us, and unless you are strong with compassion and forgiveness you better keep off. He has shaken Miss Maclean quite out of the composure of university lecturers. I forgive anyone anything who has loved Hazlitt. He is an education in feeling; even to read the titles of his essays is to cross to the shady side of the street. This biography is packed with devoted scholarship, but written sometimes with the left hand. All the more, perhaps, "we draw near to the hot heart of Hazlitt."

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

CHARACTERS AND HATS

The following quiz was instigated by M. Gustave Lamartine. Here are ten literary figures who are associated with hats of various kinds. How many of them do you remember? Allowing 5 points for each one you can name, and another 5 if you can recall the author who created him, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 15.

1. Because he resented the visiting rector's calling him a "little gentleman," this boy filled his bowler hat with fresh tar.
2. To induce a green-eyed war-widow to abandon her unbecoming mourning, this smuggler gave her a Paris bonnet trimmed with green ribbons.
3. This kindly old lawyer always wears a stovepipe hat, even on fishing trips.
4. The first time and the last time the story teller saw this unhappy heroine she was wearing a green felt sport hat.
5. From a close inspection of a seedy-looking derby, this detective deduced that its owner was highly intellectual, was well-to-do until recently, had taken to drink, used lime-cream on his hair, and that his wife had ceased to love him.
6. This criminological clergyman always wears a broad slouch hat.
7. On his first day in Osage, Oklahoma, he had his large white sombrero shot off his head by some citizens who didn't like its color.
8. This tyrant had his cap placed on a pole in front of the new prison and decreed that all passersby salute it.
9. When a frustrated income tax collector, distracted by some pet snakes, left behind a panama sized seven and an eighth, this elderly gentleman kept it.
10. This quarrelsome person wore a top hat on which was a sign reading: "In this style 10/6."

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Let the Observer Behold

HEYDAY OF A WIZARD: DANIEL HOME THE MEDIUM. By Jean Burton. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1944. 162 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

THIS is a thoroughly interesting, well organized, and highly objective study of a subject which is at once suspect and enigmatic. Daniel Dunglass Home went to his grave fifty-eight years ago after a long career of very profitable mystification. To thousands he had been a Messiah. To other and possibly more intelligent thousands he had been a shameless trickster, who, most unfortunately, was never caught at it, as the author of this strange history is at pains to point out. He was famous or notorious, depending, as in other matters, on the eye of the observer. The elder Dumas was his best man. The Czar of Russia was godfather to his son. And the phenomena which perplexed our fathers and grandfathers perplex the reader today as he runs over the reliable eye-witness accounts collected in these entertaining pages. For Miss Burton's book is truly entertaining and has besides the irritating charm of a detective story most of whose clues are concealed and whose last chapter is missing.

If you call Home a fraud you make the word mean more than it usually means. It seems probable that he himself was the first man hoodwinked in the legion of his dupes. His powers, whatever they were, got for him what powers are apt to get. But that he was wholly conscious of deceit as he put his cheat on emperors, scientists, and men and women of letters remains to be proved. It has been said that he had capacities in reality stranger than any hypothesis put forth to explain the phenomena by the faithful. And the virtuosity of his performance puts him several cuts above the common or garden charlatan, though there is always something oily and unsound about what he said and what he did. No wonder that the creator of Uriah Heep and Chadband burned with hatred, as Miss Burton duly reports.

It should be observed once more that Home's spirit world, like the spirit worlds of most mediums, would make any reasonable person prefer extinction to the prospect of so unsatisfactory an eternity. There is hardly an aspect of the life or thought of his undiscovered country that does not correspond with the notions of a Scotch immigrant lad brought up in Norwich, Connecticut, in a time of narrow religious excitement tempered by practically lethal respectability. There are objections to accepting as genuine any Heaven which is a mere extension of the tastes of any individual. Andrew Lang's diverting "In the Wrong Paradise" exhibits the misery which must result if a missionary gets into Valhalla or is condemned to eternal pleasures of the chase in the happy hunting grounds. Home's testimony on such matters, like every other medium's, makes the other world more boring at all times than this world is sometimes.

But the phenomena he exhibited, or appeared to exhibit, remain extraordinary and are extraordinarily well attested. Lord Dunrovin's report, if it stood alone, would be staggering. But it does not stand alone. Home did not do his stuff in a corner. He did it, like as not, in the Louis Quinze salon at the Tuilleries before a mystified Emperor and appalled ladies, who shrank as huge tables reared like horses, heavy chairs galloped up and down, or the enchanter himself defied gravity from the ceiling. If once his show got going it was apt to be good and get better as it went along. And his evil-wishers, who were understandably numerous, found little or no evidence they could swear to of any physical mechanism employed to produce the appalling effects.

One wonders how they were achieved. And there is something resembling a clue to be found in the accounts. It was noticed that when a table pranced and pawed the palace floor no object fell from the animated piece of furniture and that candle flames remained perpendicular to the polished surface, no matter what the tilt. The true believers regarded these circumstances as supererogatory miracles. But sceptics have suggested another interpretation. They think that nothing happened to the table at all, but that a great deal happened behind the eyes of the beholders. Home never performed before more than eight persons at a time if he could help it. Beyond fifteen he would not go. There were only two witnesses to his most astounding feat. Hamilton Aide's assay "Was I Hypnotized?," a work quoted by Miss Burton, probably implies as good an answer as is necessary. Anyone who has ever seen the trance state of the mystagogue of the Holy Rollers become the trance state of the congregation has seen a crude example of the influence that impressed itself on the various minds of Napoleon III, of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and of Sir William Crookes.

Miss Burton's book seems to the reviewer a genuine contribution to the study of obscure mental conditions. It is pleasantly written and well documented. Her portrait of the slimy repetilian creature who bamboozled himself and his betters is a thoroughly competent job. You almost sympathize with the salamander as he oars through the phosphorescent dark of the mind. That's the way to do it. It's no use denying that Mr. Sludge had powers, repulsive as he was. They were not the powers Mr. Sludge perhaps thought they were, but they help us to understand persons quite as complex who make whole nations believe dozens of impossible things every morning before breakfast.

Will Cambridge

By Starr Nelson

"EVER hear tell of Will Cambridge?" drawled the ranger. He
Moved an inch to one side as the poet crashed through
Foam of pine needles.
"Will was a young feller like you
Two hundred years ago. Now, by the Lord God, he's a tree.
Clear days ye can see from here where they laid his bones
In the churchyard. Come one April, a tough green
Shoot was growin' where old Will's brains had been.
By now it's bore a million good pine cones.
Its three-foot trunk has shorn through the epitaph
And took Will's headstone up into his hands.
Into his hands, I say! He holds to his name,
Yes sir, I'll swear I hear that pine tree laugh
Monadnock laughter while you sweat for fame.
Will loved these woods. And by God, there he stands."

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Strictly Personal . . .

"Strictly Personal" is conducted alternately by a group of Saturday Review *contributors. It seeks to be an informal outlet for expression of the things writers feel strongly about.*

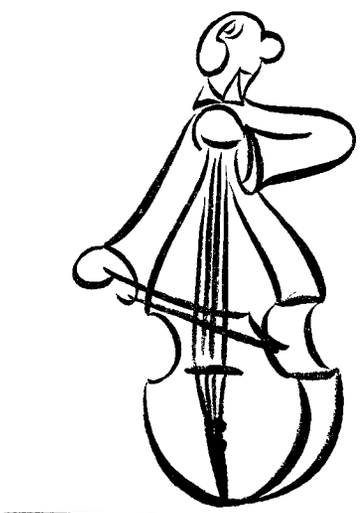
THE war has inevitably inspired, in addition to factual reports, an abundance of novels, plays, and moving pictures, many of them realistic. It is perhaps natural that as a corollary there is in some quarters an intensified swing toward escapist entertainment. But while a good escapist novel may successfully take the mind from the disturbing realities of life, it does not transport one to a state of irresponsible lightheartedness; to achieve this the war-weary call upon music, the so-called light music of the dance band, the operetta, or musical comedy. To be sure, light music can be a fine thing; in fact, it is almost impossible to draw a line between the operettas of such composers as Sullivan, Millöcker, Suppé, or Offenbach and the simpler operas like those of Flotow. Similarly the piano pieces of Granados or the songs of Jerome Kern and Richard Rodgers, light music in the good sense of the word, are often far more sincere and artistic than much touted concert "selections." But such works are rare and not representative of light music in vogue today.

Music is the most faithful translator of mental states—at the same time the poorest painter of the concrete and empirical. There is nothing more repellent than superficial music which pretends to seriousness or emotion. Since music is among all the arts the surest and most powerful conjurer of illusions and moods, it cannot escape being made one of the chief agents of entertainment. As in literature, in which drama, poetry, and the novel are represented at every level, music has its pulp varieties, often engaging, or at least amusing; but never before have these reached a level so low that they are mere narcotics.

Present-day light music, not excluding its songs, is dominated by dance music; even the seemingly purely vocal "numbers" such as the blues, theme, and torch songs, are often slow dance tunes, or at any rate they are governed by some rhythmic pattern that does not emanate from the words they are supposed to render in music. More often than not the music of these songs is concocted first, evidently with an eye to future instrumental arrangements, with the lyrics following as well as they can. The chief traits of this music are a hypertrophy of rhythm in the instrumental variety and a caricature-like deformation of the results of Western art music in the vocal pieces; in many instances both characteristics apply to either species. Rhythm determines the degree of animation of musical expression, and this is the only element which musically inexperienced ears will grasp instinctively, hence the great effect of certain "hits" which are triumphs of musical insensibility, for even the tone deaf find them pleasing and easy to retain. We must recall the often disputed dictum of Bülow: "In the beginning there was rhythm."

This is only one of the many considered opinions on the primary role of rhythm in music. Whether we agree with this theory or not, there can be no question that rhythm is an important cultural factor; an overemphasis on rhythm is just as much a sign of decadence as its neglect. Rhythm is, of course, the chief element in the dance even though social dance is always and everywhere stylized embrace. The more it loses its stylized nature the less it is dance and the more it becomes embrace pure and simple. (It is a different question whether such music can have a fruitful effect on serious music. The music of the lower strata of society always exerted a tremendous influence on the destinies of art in general. Without doubt the rhythms of the jazz band and its curious tone colors can be used to good effect in the hands of a true artist—there are many excellent examples.) It is indisputable that vocal music can possess value and cultural merit only if its rhythmic stimuli do not suppress the melodic.

The soul of music is melody. If it



divests itself of melody, if its melody is merely accidental to its rhythm, the orgiastic element becomes supreme. Melody supplies the brakes to the primordial animal instinct of rhythm. Melody's power is the same today as it was at its birth, our great musicians are just as devoted to it as were the ancients, and melodic inventiveness has been and will be the unmistakable sign of musical genius. But the melodies of songs must interpret the mood of the lyric poem and cannot be simple adaptations of preconceived rhythmic and melodic patterns. (A horrible example of this unfortunately almost universal procedure is the song "Remember Pearl Harbor.") After all, the first true musical artist was the one who first felt the mood of a song. Just watch the people sing; they don't moan, croon, or swoon; all true folksongs of the world are free from the coarse and the makeshift because they are not artifical, the people sing freely and spontaneously.

AND now let us see the figures of the musical comedy. Every one of them is inert; they are lacking in the contrast of profound and superficial, true and false, they are united on a single plane and are boarded up so that they can see neither above nor below their level. One might say that these figures—entirely detached from mental or spiritual life—are but marionettes, they exist merely to be involved in certain songs and situations. It does not make any difference when they come and when they go, they have no character, merely clothes. Yet they are not marionettes for they lack the constructive grotesqueness of the puppet theatre; they are not human imitations, not even apes, just human torsos, incomplete men.

Of late, the musical comedy has shed even the stereotyped plots and figures of the immediate past, it has become an expensive spectacle also known by the rather puzzling term *revue*. This new musical comedy escapes any rational analysis but if its music could be translated into pictorial values all the glitter of its rhythm and orchestration would appear as a screamingly loud poster. In its form it is a conglomeration of music and spoken dialogue. In the *opéaa comique* and *opera buffa,* which also alternate music with prose, the former appears when the text demands lyric expansion. In the musical comedy any situation may call forth music; the main thing is that it be heard at certain intervals. The dialogue simply stops and the music begins. In the opera, music presents characters and conveys a certain dramatic state of mind or situation, but

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in the musical comedy it merely exists, provoked by entirely superficial, at best choreographic, reasons. Thus it emphasizes the essence of the musical comedy, the absence of mental or spiritual factors and situations. As the figures do not carry the ballast of a soul, being merely straws in costume, their song is mere conventional ersatz sentiment; hero and heroine as well as the sexual menagerie called chorus all sing the same song.

Every era has its entertainment music which it is reasonable to suppose faithfully reflects the musical tastes of the public. We recall the wonderful chansons, *frottole,* minuets, *divertimenti, Singspiele,* or ballad operas of an earlier time, and the last century's delightful Strauss waltzes and spicy and sarcastic Offenbach operettas, not to forget the gently satirical and good natured Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. Compared with these works our entertainment music is sadly impoverished in melody and harmony; only the garish orchestration and the omnipotent rhythm show an advance, a barbarous advance.

It is not an easy task to account for this state of affairs. It seems certain, however, that the quality of the minor musical stage has a good deal to do with operatic traditions. All countries with a long operatic tradition *in the vernacular* produced most enjoyable light music, operettas, and musical comedies. We have no operatic traditions. The august Metropolitan Opera House is an exclusive theatre along almost defunct international lines; such a theatre cannot radiate a beneficial influence on the lyric stage of this vast nation. It is preposterous to assume that the radio broadcasts of an invisible musical theatre can actually inculcate a love of the fine aspects of the musical stage, especially if the words are in an unintelligible foreign language. The recognition of some familiar arias or the identification of leitmotives is not operatic culture.

If we can free ourselves from the limitations incarnated in the Metropolitan, if we will support smaller opera companies in our cities, companies which will give us good theater in English, if we recognize that a modest and fresh young voice can be just as enjoyable as Caruso's provided it is associated with a good ensemble, well directed, well supported, and well staged, we can soon raise the level of our entertainment music. The reform must come from the higher spheres of the lyric stage, the lower strata will inevitably fall in line.

PAUL HENRY LANG.

"Strictly Personal" next week will be conducted by David L. Cohn.

After the Bolshevik Revolution

INTERVENTION AT ARCHANGEL. By Leonid I. Strakhovsky, Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1944. 336 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by EDGAR G. SISSON

LEONID I. STRAKHOVSKY, who is professor of history at the University of Maryland, has followed an earlier summary of events leading to the Allied intervention at Archangel, Russia, in 1918 with a more complete narrative and study, "Intervention at Archangel." The work has value for those who seek a full knowledge of the course of affairs after the Russian Bolshevik Revolution of November 7, 1917, since the author has aimed to fill a gap in the objective history of the period. The compilation of facts has every appearance of having been done thoroughly, fairly, and particularly without any personal or doctrinal bias.

The book's misfortune is that it has to deal with a fragmentary episode, inconclusive in all its phases because the intervention itself, at least as far as the United States was concerned, was only a necessary military adventure for definite ends, which soon were reached.

When Russia was forced to sign the Brest-Litovsk Peace with Germany, in March, 1918, the country was in Germany's power. What Germany wanted it could get. What the United States and the Allies feared was that Germany would demand and would secure a submarine base at Archangel or Murmansk. By this time German U-boat access to the Atlantic by way of the North Sea had been greatly hampered, and closure could be foreseen. A new far-northern base would be most useful to Germany. The Allies deemed that the forestalling of any such German move was essential. The Allied Supreme War Council at Paris, in June, gave its approval to a military expedition to be placed under unified command, with a British commander-in-chief. The landing at Archangel was made on August 2, 1918.

It can be seen that the military significance of the expedition passed away with Germany's surrender, and the Armistice of November 11. But the political entanglements remained, and to these Strakhovsky gives his chief attention, striving to tell a straightforward story about the muddled and confusing "Professional Government of the Northern Region" which came into being simultaneously with the military occupation. He does as well as the tortuous subject allows.

Among the matters brought out is the plan made between the British and anti-Bolshevik elements, chiefly of the old Social Revolutionary party, for establishing, under ground, a civil government to be ready to take over Archangel when the military expedition arrived. The scheme succeeded and the "Provisional Government" was born. To head it came the picturesque Nicholas Chaikovsky, one time leader of the Peasant party, companion of Madame Breshankovskaya, and influential during the democratic Kerensky regime. The fiery Maria Spiradonova grabbed the Peasant party away from him after the November Revolution and won a personal triumph by leading it into the first All-Russian Soviet in January, 1918. Observers in the then Petrograd in the winter of 1918 wondered what would happen to Chaikovsky whenever the Bolsheviks were ready to get tough with their opponents. His tall figure and patriarchal white beard made him a marked figure anywhere. How could he ever go into hiding? Yet he did. The author bares the mystery. Chaikovsky's beard saved him. He shaved it off. In flight he was safe behind the mask of an unknown face. In Archangel he let the beard grow and became himself again.

Naturally he had only one idea—to build up a Government that in unity with the main anti-Bolshevik organization, sheltered by Admiral Kolchak, in Siberia, would wage war on the Bolsheviks and seek to gain control of Russia. Just as naturally the Allied military leaders, even if they got any understanding of the grandiose program, had no authority to further it. No sooner was the war over, than the home folks both in the United States and Great Britain began to call for the return of their soldiers from North Russia. The occupation, however, lasted for some time. American troops were evacuated from Archangel in the early summer of 1919. British forces remained until late September. The Provisional Government was dead before then, having been abolished by Admiral Kolchak on September 5, 1919, and a military chief named in its stead. Under this governorship, Archangel remained in anti-Bolshevik hands until February 21, 1920 when a Red Regiment entered the city. Chaikovsky did not have to shave off his beard again. He had gone to Paris months before.

Edgar G. Sisson was the personal representative of President Wilson following the last war in a special mission to Russia. His findings were published by the Government in a report entitled "The German-Bolshevik Conspiracy."

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In the Wake of War

REPORT ON DEMOBILIZATION. By James R. Mock and Evangeline Thurber. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 1944. 257 *pp., notes on sources, index.* $3.

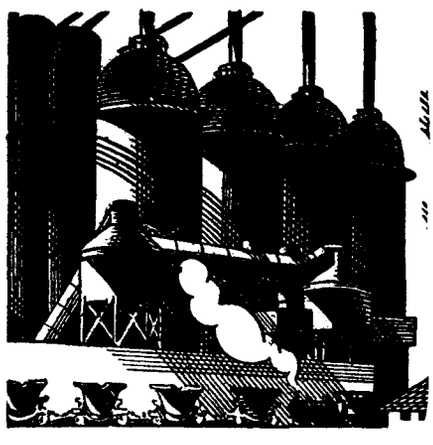
Reviewed by DIXON WECTER

NO American generation has ever stood to profit so much by the trial and error of history as we today, in the near shadow of 1919. The parallel paths bounding World Wars I and II, and the fatal turn once taken toward a blind alley, offer the kind of maze that a cosmic behaviorist might have devised to test whether human beings in general—and Americans in particular—can learn anything from group experience. Beyond doubt we are nearing one of the decisive moments in history; even a Martian might watch the result a little breathlessly. Every map and chart of old mistakes is worth scrutiny, before the successful end of another war brings us once more at headlong speed to that juncture where we lost our bearings twenty-five years ago. The somewhat pessimistic authors of this book remark "that what a democracy does during wartime has no bearing upon what it will do during peacetime."

This statement is probably exaggerated. Predictably enough, popular emotionalism about war gives way to an equal emotionalism about peace, as among those preachers who presented arms in 1917 and later bound themselves to peace at any price. The shallow and untutored internationalism of Americans in World War I, fed by atrocities and slogans, naturally enough shot skyward like the seed planted on stony ground, but withered in the heat of noon—after early popular enthusiasm for the League was so far baffled by politicians and partisan debate as never to reach a clear-cut referendum. Such behavior patterns of "the herd in war and in peace" as Trotter discussed in 1916 have a logic of their own, if not a strict consistency. What seems to be the fickleness of a democracy often stems from faulty education, too meager sources of information, or ineffectiveness in self-expression. Hence the special value today of attempting an anatomy of past error.

The theme of Mock and Thurber is our domestic unpreparedness for peace in November, 1918. Much has been written about our unreadiness for war, and much in recent times about our international unpreparedness for victory. But the domestic face of the coin has been little observed. Hitherto, the only book-length account of mustering out, and throwing a vast war-machine into reverse in 1919, has been Benedict Crowell and Robert F. Wilson's "How America Went to War: Demobilization," a rosy picture of American efficiency with the superscription "we planned it that way." The present book, based upon a far more diligent search by expert archivists among neglected Government records—the Adjutant General's Office, War Labor Policies Board, War Industries Board, Council of National Defense, and other files—shows a very different view. Plans and blueprints there were in God's plenty, but nobody ever coördinated them or brought any to real fruition. Our plan was to have no plan. Even President Wilson (whom the authors venerate, as their dedication testifies) was curiously indifferent and dilatory about early planning; with the Armistice signed, he admitted that it was too late to plan, and fixed his eyes wholly upon the world horizon. A strong faction in the War Department favored demobilization of the Army by occupational groups, in accord with professional and industrial demand. But the conservatism of General March, the impatience of the boys themselves, and the pressure of interested groups hoping to profit by a flooded labor market, prevailed on the side of American tradition: disbandment by military units, as quickly as possible. Haste and haphazard, as Mock and Thurber show, set the keynote everywhere. Dollar-a-year men, their desks still jammed with paper-work, bolted from Washington on Armistice Day in their eagerness to return to *laisser faire*. Government, on the other hand, ruthlessly canceled war contracts, even when the result meant bankruptcy to small private concerns, unemployment of labor, and an abiding suspicion between business and a Democratic Administration which later days reawoke.

Meanwhile, even more fatally than tardiness, discord between the President and Congress served to spike plans for soldiers' reëmployment and resettlement. For, by 1919, opposition to the Administration had become, to many Congressmen, as instant and automatic as the knee-jerk. Told here, with a mass of fresh detail, is the sad story of the United States Employment Service, its appropriation cut to the bone in March, 1919 by a post-war economy bloc at a time when one million servicemen needed its help, and the similar tale of the Lane Plan for veterans' settlement and reclamation, done to death by the farm bloc and the National Grange, lest it upset the *status quo* in agriculture. The major irony of the situation lies beyond the purview of this book, when a Congress which had denied the serviceman a few millions, when he needed them most, later poured forth billions for bonuses and free hospitalization for everybody, after the veteran had again struck root in civil life as best he could, and organized a lobby of his own.



This is a careful, scholarly book, which speaks out against the folly of ditching every wartime control the instant that the All Clear sounds, of priding ourselves upon the speed of demobilizing soldiers and sailors and laborers from the tasks of war without providing a cogent answer to their question, "Where do we go from here?" Well meriting the time of any thoughtful reader, this book suffers from one considerable flaw. Its materials are laid down page after page in a factually pedestrian way, which suggests that long and exclusive study of government documents carries for the historian a certain occupational hazard. It is, nonetheless, a valuable tract for the times and a jolt for the complacent.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. "Penrod," by Booth Tarkington.
2. Rhett Butler, in "Gone With the Wind," by Margaret Mitchell.
3. Mr. Ephraim Tutt, in many stories by Arthur Train.
4. Iris March, in "The Green Hat," by Michael Arlen.
5. Sherlock Holmes, in "The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle," by Conan Doyle.
6. Father Brown, in many stories by G. K. Chesterton.
7. Yancey Cravat, in "Cimarron," by Edna Ferber.
8. Gessler, in "William Tell," by Schiller.
9. Martin Vanderhof, in "You Can't Take It With You," by Kaufman and Hart.
10. The Mad Hatter, in "Alice in Wonderland," by Lewis Carroll.

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MR. BERNARD DeVOTO

MR. DeVOTO, a critic never noted for pulling his punches, has followed an old literary tradition in packing within the limits of what is little more than a pamphlet a dump of ammunition which it might have been wiser to explode in a full-length book. As a result, his "The Literary Fallacy"* has thrown off and in turn met with more heat than light; and it was perhaps inevitable that its fundamental importance should have been somewhat obscured in verbal battles and personal attacks.

The literary fallacy, says Mr. DeVoto, is to assess a culture by what it says rather than by what it does. Or to put it differently, to project as a picture of national character what the writer—usually himself a neurotic, especially if he is a genius—finds sensational, picturesque, irritating, or anger making in that civilization. It is the explosive, the effervescent, the articulate in such a culture which lends itself most readily to literary representation, particularly if the writer is explosive, maladjusted, or fanatically idealist himself. As a result, a group of brilliant writers, whose intellectual leader was the early Van Wyck Brooks (who afterward learned more of his America and recanted), whose great satirist was Sinclair Lewis, whose pugilist was Ernest Hemingway, completely falsified the American of the 1920's whom they were supposed to describe. They advertised him as shallow, greedy, suppressed into neuroticism, and apparently decadent, whereas the next decades were to prove that, by and large, he was nothing of the kind. When the great emergency of the late thirties and the forties arose, the America that prepared for and fought the war was a nation of which these writers were as ignorant as of Hitlerism or of Mars.

There is a literary fallacy in this argument of Mr. DeVoto's which is as patent if not as serious as the fallacy upon which he turns his mortars and machine guns. Mr. DeVoto is essentially a historian judging literature in terms of history, and here he will not be denied. But the semantics which he professes to despise should have made him more cautious in his use of the word literature. For literature is not history, nor does it have to possess more than a true relationship to history. Mr. DeVoto himself is puzzled by the energy, the high competence, the power over the imagination of these writers of the 1920's, who, if they seem to have misunderstood America, were not misunderstood by intelligent Americans. The truth is that literature must always deal with selected ideals of the members of a national community, what they want more than what they are—for it is what they want which is dynamic. And the ideals selected for literary representation will depend upon the temperament but still more upon the emotional and intellectual circumstances of the current writers of power and imagination. We too readily forget that the 1920's in the United States was a decade of intense nationalism. That for the first time since the Civil War Americans, just withdrawn from their great and unexpected involvement in world conflict, looked at each other with new and more critical eyes. That military victory followed immediately by moral defeat caused a psychological situation new to most of us. We had stepped outside of our familiar selves and a course of life so stable and familiar as to seem manifest destiny. And when we stepped back, we scrutinized ourselves and our environment with distrust, with an easy content, or a growing distress according to the sensitiveness of our personal idealism.

It was to be expected that the strongest reaction should be among those least conditioned to the slow, quiet continuity of the democratic evolution of a people still determined upon an equality of opportunity, but proceeding by trial and error through the vast complications and corruptions of their own wealth. But the fire descended upon the brows of the satirists. It was their heaven-sent opportunity. And if they neglected the deep currents, they were not wrong as to the trend of the foam and the waves. Not even Mr. DeVoto denies the validity of a Babbitt, though he calls him unimportant because his kind was not to rule America. But there *were* millions of Babbitts. It is clear that Mr. Hemingway's killers and sexual neurotics were only diseases of the new America now manifest, but no one can deny the trend toward brutality, away from reason and the intellect, which he and Faulkner and Jeffers and dozens more insisted upon making articulate. You cannot rule out from literature the static and self-satisfied society of Jane Austen's novels (which to her, at least, *was* England) because it is incredible as a foundation for the vast energies of nineteenth century Great Britain. Nor the violent arrogance and egoism, and the deep injustices, of the Brontës' communities because there is little awareness of the far more powerful forces already working then toward economic and political democracy. The novelist is not a historian. His job is with what men tend to, not necessarily with what they do, become.

All of which is a criticism of Mr. DeVoto's criticism, but not of his true thesis, which is that, good or bad, the satirists and debunkers of the 1920's were not prophets, that their America was partial, their philosophy warped, and that the society they depicted, and which many Europeans took to be the whole story, had only the relationship to exact truth of a modernist landscape whose purpose is to exhibit a composition or a mood. Other writers —and Mr. DeVoto mentions them by name: Stephen V. Benét, Robert Frost, E. A. Robinson, Willa Cather, Carl Sandburg—not necessarily of more, though certainly not of less, literary importance than these others, did comprehend that whole of their country far better, perceived more truly its idealisms, while vehemently conscious of its faults. It is a deep satisfaction to the editors of this *Review* that throughout these confused twenties and in the decade following, this editorial column has again and again affirmed and never departed from the belief that America was more truly represented by such writers, to whom many more could be added, than by the antisepticians. Yet we did not fail to note the incalculable value of the satirists of the age, whose brilliant success was based, not upon what they implied of America, but what they wrote of the dangerous potentialities of Americans, embodied in types which one hopes will not be forgotten.

H. S. C.

*THE LITERARY FALLACY. By Bernard DeVoto. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1944. 175 pp. $2.50.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Mr. Pulitzer Preobited

SIR: Referring to your review of "Post Biographies of Famous Journalists," [*SRL*, April 8] in which there appeared a sketch of myself by Jack Alexander, may I say that at this moment, the hour and day of my funeral have not been set.

JOSEPH PULITZER.

St. Louis, Mo.

Mr. Lewis, Mr. DeVoto, and "The Literary Fallacy"

SIR: To print the last chapter of DeVoto's "The Literary Fallacy" and follow it with a reply by Sinclair Lewis seems, offhand, a sound editorial method of inducing useful controversy. The result has been more lamentably unfortunate than any reasonable person could have anticipated. Mr. Lewis "took it personal," and replied in a strain of personal abuse. Those who know Mr. DeVoto cannot help resenting the grossness and unfairness into which Mr. Lewis was betrayed. Those who are interested purely in the issues of the controversy, not in its personal feelings, cannot help groaning with chagrin for Mr. Lewis himself and for the conduct of public discussion. The situation is the more regrettable in that Mr. DeVoto, while ready enough to enter a controversy and accept its risks, has never, to my knowledge during some years of association with him, spoken in private in the intemperate personal strain which Mr. Lewis allows himself to use in public. Neither of Mr. Lewis nor Mr. Brooks nor any other have I heard Mr. DeVoto use language bearing all the evidence of intention to degrade personally the object of his attack. *The Saturday Review*, no doubt, is an innocent victim. Can the innocent victim invite at this point some expression of mutual personal respect which would free the controversy from indignity and allow it to proceed on merit?

To avoid possible misinterpretation, I must make one more personal statement myself. This letter is written wholly, completely, in every sense and every way, on my own initiative, without consultation direct or indirect with anyone mentioned in it.

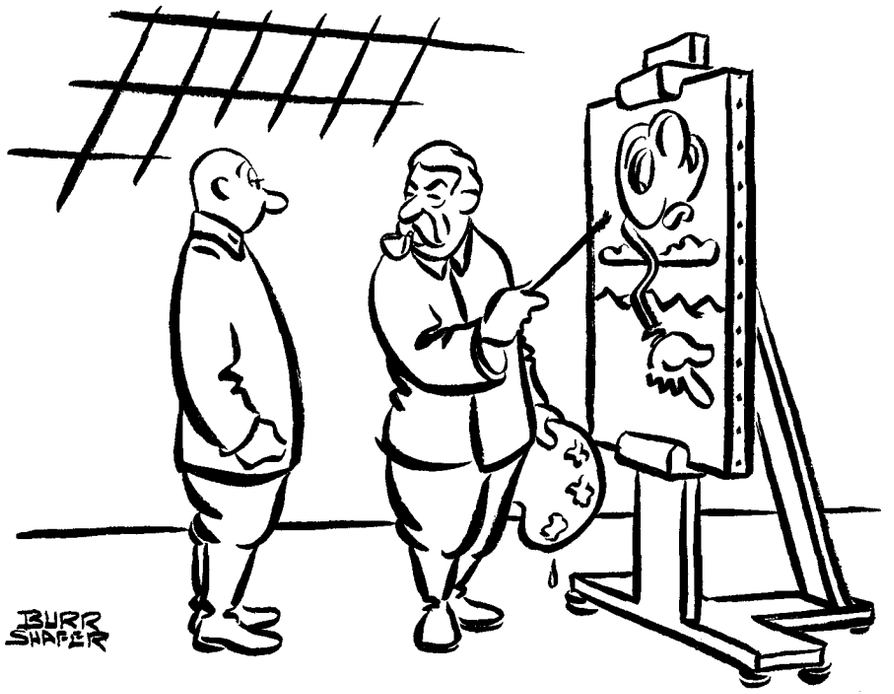
THEODORE MORRISON.

Cambridge, Mass.

SIR: Why spoil your splendid spring number by that outburst by Sinclair Lewis? Surely writers and critics have the right to speak frankly but this, your leading article, showed immaturity and lack of breeding. We thought it showed a poor spirit on the part of Sinclair Lewis and lowered the standard of the magazine—a deplorable lack of taste!

CARRIE M. GEORGE.

Webster Grove, Mo.



"Frankly I don't care much about it, but I'm sick of being called a realist."

SIR: It is gratifying to know that "Red" Lewis still packs a mean verbal wallop, as I certainly discovered in his scathing "Fools, Liars, and Mr. DeVoto" published in your Spring Book number last week! If anybody has had any doubts about the literary judgments of the author of "Main Street," these must have surely been dissolved by the latter's penetrating job on DeVoto and his ilk. . . . What did surprise me, however, was Lewis's mellowness—towards an "opponent" unworthy of his razor-edged prose. Sinclair has certainly softened with the years, and I don't mean to disparage him.

When a writer of the "stature" of DeVoto flounders, as he does, indeed, between pulp stuff and "history" (—shall we call it, for want of a better name?) his pronunciamenti must, by their very nature, be the maniacal ravings of a frustrated "creator." DeVoto, as it is obvious to any one who knows, is not creative enough to be a novelist—nor scholarly enough to be a historian; he must therefore remain suspended in the uncertain sphere of between-and-betwixt, *i.e.*, between "John August" and "Bernard A. DeVoto." Small wonder then that the latter takes an occasional pot-shot at great men like Van Wyck Brooks, while his *alter ego* ("J. A.") continues to write potboilers for MGM.

Congrats to the *SRL* for publishing his essay.

CHARLES RADDOCK.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: In Sinclair Lewis's counterattack upon Bernard DeVoto there is one innocent bystander who is dragged extraneously by the hair, namely Edmund Wilson, for no reason pertinent to the argument but apparently because Mr. Lewis was letting his blows fly and felt that this was an opportune time, no matter how irrelevant, to loose an extra wallop. "I wonder," he asks suddenly, if not searchingly, "if it is an accident that Mr. Wilson's invariable nickname, 'Bunny,' so resembles Mr. DeVoto's 'Benny'?" And in the next paragraph, although it is DeVoto he is reviewing, he gratuitously attacks Wilson again by bracketing the two men in "the pomposities of Benny and Bunny." DeVoto may be known to his friends as Benny Wilson as Bunny, and Sinclair Lewis as Red;—so what? I am told that there is a movie comedian named Skelton who is also known as Red.

There must have been many other readers who, like myself, read Mr. Lewis with respect and interest up to this point in his article. I am not at present or here taking sides between DeVoto's challenging generalities and Lewis's defensive personalities. Much may be said on both sides. I am confining myself to what now needs restatement: that there is no better critic writing in English today than Edmund Wilson, no mind more thoughtful, analytical, free, and fearless, no writing more clear, accomplished, illuminating, brilliant, and profound. Reading DeVoto's article (I have not yet read his book) and Lewis's reply leaves the reader exactly wherever he stood before in regard to the merits or importance of the subject: of Lewis, Hemingway, Brooks, Dos Passos, O'Neill, Jeffers, and the other authors named. If any

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or all of these men are of great or little stature, if they have had understanding and honesty and art to give to America is still a matter for each individual to decide for himself exactly as before; nothing in the two blasts proves or disproves it. On the other hand, Mr. Wilson, in his books, "The Wound and the Bow" and "Axel's Castle," sheds genuine light on the writers he has chosen to examine. His attention (with the exception of a chapter on Hemingway) has, for the most part, run to writers of a different calibre from those over whom DeVoto and Lewis wrangle: among others to Proust, Dickens, Yeats, Kipling, Joyce, Rimbaud, and Sophocles. Through these great figures he has made his own contribution to the life and letters of our time, clarifying, analyzing, and synthesizing as the real critic must. In his weekly *New Yorker* columns, as well, there are always to be found new ideas, intelligent comment, and high standards, stimulating in themselves, which relate the volume selected to the contemporary scene. Those readers and writers who love books, whose passionate concern it is that literature may serve and represent the highest ends, owe a debt of gratitude to Edmund Wilson for his constant and sincere devotion to this goal; and they must resent seeing him hit in a brawl in which he is not participating by such a wayward and irresponsible blow as appeared in the Lewis review of the DeVoto book.

LENORE G. MARSHALL.
New York City.

SIR: Here is a trivial footnote to the literary battle going on between Messrs. DeVoto and Lewis. In the terrible twenties I was going to high school and college, reading with gusto the authors DeVoto condemns, and trying to learn to be a writer myself. Without noticing any violent transitions in the literary world, I came through the 30's and into the 40's, and suddenly found myself older than I knew when, in an English class that I was teaching, one of my high school juniors included this sentence in her review of "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay": "The time of the book is the 1920's when people wore hoopskirts and petticoats." I wondered where my young student picked up that charming bit of misinformation. Would Mr. DeVoto blame it all on Mr. Brooks?

ELEANOR GRAHAM.
Williamsburg, Va.

SIR: Mr. Sinclair Lewis, in his squealing vituperation, quotes the following sentence from Mr. DeVoto's book: "This book . . . does not try to describe American literature during the 1920's completely, to tell the whole truth about it, or to pass judgment on it as a whole, but some reviewers may report on it in an understanding that it tries to do all three."

Lewis then makes this comment: "With only a passing wonder as to why DeVoto repeats a statement three times and then calls it three statements, and as to whether it is his personal knowledge of reviewing that makes him so jumpily apprehensive about the intelligence and honesty of his fellow-reviewers, let us note that for once he does tell the truth about his book."

With only a passing wonder "as to why" one who writes such a phrase as this in quotes feels competent to criticize Mr. DeVoto's style, let us note that for once Sinclair Lewis tells, unwittingly, the truth about his works. His sentence, in itself, offers justification for DeVoto's censure of American literature in the twenties.

The quality of thinking, if I may stretch the meaning of the word, that concludes that to describe something completely is the same as to tell the whole truth about it and to pass judgment on it is what produced the sort of writing of which Mr. DeVoto complains.

ROBERT WESTON BABCOCK.
Lafayette, Indiana.

SIR: In re, "Fools, Liars and Mr. DeVoto" by Sinclair Lewis: Obviously, the shoe fit, and, ye Gods! how it pinched!

Incidentally, what a revealing picture Mr. Lewis paints—of himself.

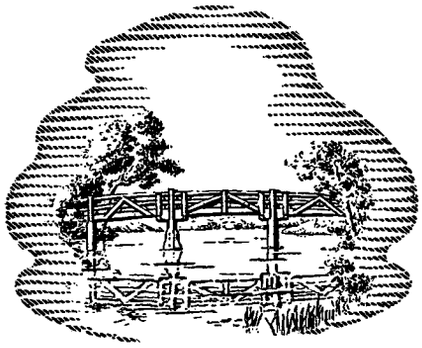
WINIFRED D. CHALLENER.
Pittsburgh, Penn.

SIR: I know very little, but should like to ask why anyone who could turn out such piffle as "Bethal Meriday" is in a position to criticize Bernard DeVoto, or anyone else for that matter?

KATHARINE MONTGOMERY.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

SIR: I read with interest and some indignation the indictment of the American writers of the twenties by Bernard DeVoto in his article, "They Turned Their Backs on America." It seemed to me that the glittering generalizations and high-order abstractions with which DeVoto swept aside the writers of that period and any of their pretensions to representing adequately the world of which they wrote needed to be answered.

Accordingly, I was pleased to read



the footnote to the DeVoto article which promised a rebuttal by Sinclair Lewis. I have now read Lewis's answer, and while I am amused at the expose of the DeVoto personality, I could wish that the counsel for the defense had given less space to his ad hominem argument, and had given more thought to developing the serious answer which he mentioned in passing.

DeVoto charged that the writers of the twenties did not represent their time in America. I believe that they did represent it, not only fully, but with seriousness and a penetrating imagination which often pointed out underlying causes for the cross-currents of thought and opinion which prevailed. This Lewis noted in his answer, but did not dwell upon. It was a relative time, full of relative values, and this is reflected in the writers' search, in common with the people, for absolutes which remained unfound. The painstaking discussion of popular opinions and supposed enlightened ideas of the panacea creators found in the novels of the twenties appears to have been a serious attempt to analyze the contemporary scene.

Frederick A. Pottle of Yale, in his little book on criticism (also prepared from a lecture series, but with much more care than "The Literary Fallacy"), released almost two years ago now, discusses the same problem of writers catching the spirit of the age, and when he comes to talking of present-day writers, he produces a much more scholarly and illuminating critique than DeVoto presented. Pottle finds that our writers are representative, in an age where relativities have invaded even the once sacred precinct of the absolute, science, and that it is natural to find writers tearing down traditional principles as well as literary forms in their search for a new, more relative synthesis.

When it comes to Mark Twain and Emerson, whom DeVoto appealed to with such reverence as men who were heart and soul of their time, it needs to be mentioned that the ideas of neither were orthodox, and that the transcendentalism of Emerson and the common-sense exploding of human conduct in which Twain excelled were items ahead of their age as much as in it and of it. If writers are to be both seers and reporters, to be both givers of new visions and faithful mirrors of prevailing culture, then we cannot reject the writers of the twenties merely because DeVoto shouts, "Non-representative."

I wish that Lewis had answered DeVoto from his own novels, such as "Ann Vickers," where the character does much of this groping for synthesis characteristic of the twenties. Lewis has Ann discover, as he must have discovered himself, that "people actually were people . . . lacking only some unusualness of the glands, or a chance crisis, to be saints or heroes." Such a conclusion ought to hearten DeVoto, even though I realize my evidence is somewhat shaky, since this

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piece from Lewis appeared in 1933 and hence is perhaps not strictly of the twenties which were so roundly denounced.

To conclude, DeVoto's own desires to find literary fame are not consonant with his achievement; this Lewis shouted loud enough in his answer. But the reason DeVoto needs to be taken seriously is that his line of reasoning would condemn any book in which the author tries to look ahead and find solutions to problems. Anything critical of America, anything suspected or trifling with time-honored ideas, is rejected by DeVoto in the furious new war-born nationalism, which in DeVoto's article invades the sphere of literary criticism to pervert our judgment of the period of disillusion following the last war and its literary products. This is not seeing life whole. If the DeVoto theory that books which are downright critical and dissatisfied with the way things are going are turning their backs on America is to be accepted, then writers must abdicate their position as unacknowledged legislators and be content with mere reportage.

ROBERT C. RATHBURN.
Trenton, North Dakota.

SIR: Mr. DeVoto brought an indictment against the literature of a period roughly described as the twenties. Mr. Lewis, replying, strongly assails Mr. DeVoto but avoids squarely joining issue as to the soundness or unsoundness of the indictment. I infer that the indictment was a true bill.

Indeed, it was about what I had been thinking. For several years I noticed that all the fiction in the *Atlantic Monthly* consisted of stories of futility and defeat, but all the stories of real life in that same magazine were stories of efficiency and victory. The inference was that the editor judged the printability of a true story by one standard, that of a piece of fiction by another. This other standard seemed to be its fashionableness according to the fashion that Mr. DeVoto has described.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.
Ballard Vale, Mass.

SIR:

Can it be
That "The Literary Fallacy"
Was inspired by jallacy?

MELVILLE CANE.

SIR: Between Mr. DeVoto and Mr. Lewis there is not much to choose. The innocent and youthful believers can only wonder what has become of literary criticism. Somehow or other, in the midst of their invective, both gentlemen have managed to utter a few words of truth. It is undoubtedly true, as Mr. DeVoto says, that American writing during the past twenty years failed to speak wholly for the American people. Although much of excellence and value was written, no one was able to write of or for more than a segment of our population. It takes more genius than we have yet exhibited to create universality.

It is also true, as Mr. Lewis says, that literary critics have failed us. We have had reviewers like Clifton Fadiman, "literary journalists" like Mr. DeVoto, and popularizers of literary history like Van Wyck Brooks, but of serious creative critics we have had a paucity. Most of our outstanding critics—Mumford, Matthiessen, Trilling, and Kazin, for example—are students of work that has already been accomplished. We lack a *definitive* critical mind, a Coleridge, an Arnold.

I believe that after the war there will be a great renaissance of authoritative writing. The generation that grew up between 1918 and 1941, nourished on the pap of these gentlemen and their contemporaries, is forming new decisions of its own in the midst of agony and struggle; let us hope that their answers will not be in negation of either life or literature.

ELEANOR WELLS.
New York City, N. Y.

Mr. Woltman Replies to Dr. Day

SIR: To keep the record straight, I cannot help but reply to Dr. Edmund E. Day's letter denying that Cornell University censored the Russian history lectures of Dr. Joshua Kunitz; and particularly to his statement that I spread a "malicious" and "absurd calumny" which "has repeatedly been denied, as Mr. Woltman knows."

It was Dr. Day himself, in an interview given to the *World-Telegram* on Dec. 28 and arranged by Frank E. Gannett, chairman of the executive committee of Cornell's Board of Trustees, who volunteered the information that the university was censoring Dr. Kunitz's lectures in advance. He was so quoted the following day and has never registered the slightest objection to the quotations.

Moreover, on January 10 *Time* magazine, in an article entitled "Communists at Cornell," concluded thus:

"Dr. Kunitz uses a technique probably unique in U. S. higher education. He writes out his lectures, has them approved by his administrative chief before he reads them to his students. The students complain the reading of lectures is not very stimulating."

More than three months have passed since *Time* repeated the "calumny" but it has not carried a denial from Dr. Day. Perhaps Dr. Day did not bother to send a denial to *Time*.

FREDERICK WOLTMAN.
New York, N. Y.

Unintentional

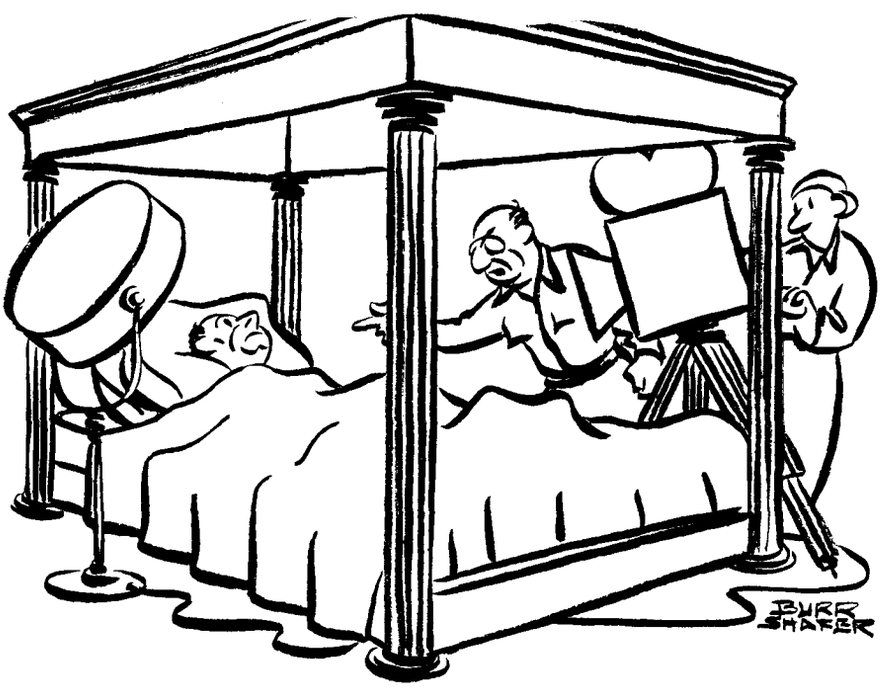
SIR: In my review of Ben Hecht's book, there occurs an uncomplimentary reference to Professor Raymond Kennedy of Yale. Actually, as a close reading of the context will show, I was merely accepting Mr. Hecht's opinion of Mr. Kennedy and using it as part of my own comment on the diffuseness of Mr. Hecht's book. I shall be grateful to you if you will print this apology for the unintentional slight to Mr. Kennedy.

ELMER RICE.
Stamford, Conn.

Errata

SIR: In my recent review of "The Marion Press" by Thomas A. and Amy Hopkins Larremore, I find that I have inadvertently given wrong impressions on two points. First, Hopkins was never DeVinne's superintendent, but rather his personal representative, later taking over the designing of the fine books of the DeVinne Press. Second, only a part of the main text of the Larremore volume was printed on the hand press; the remainder was set, and printed on a power press, by George Van Vechten.

C. P. ROLLINS
New Haven, Conn.



"For Heaven's sake, Frobish, put more life into this death scene!"

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TRADE Winds

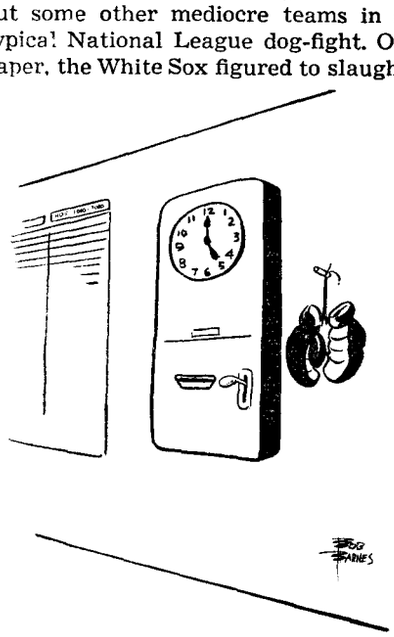
GRIZZLED BASEBALL enthusiasts are going slightly nuts trying to keep track of major-league box scores in the budding and unprecedented campaign of 1944. Just as they get a player's name straight—Wodjenowsky, let's say, of the Hoot Owls—the young man's draft board reclassifies him 1-A and everybody has to start all over again. The teams that win the flags this year probably won't be much better than the bedraggled Giant outfit—sometimes known as Tom Coward's Folly—that finished ninth in an eight-club league last year, but if the races are close the crowds will come anyhow—for the night and weekend encounters at least. It takes a lot to kill baseball. Some of the big league magnates have proven that over a period of years.

In the midst of diamond mediocrity and confusion, it's a particular pleasure to pick up Harry Grayson's amiable "They Played the Game" (A. S. Barnes) and stroll Memory Lane again with the Greats of yesterday. This fellow Grayson has almost as many friends as Quent Reynolds. You can see why when you read his book; everybody in it is a great guy whose faults never amounted to shucks. This makes for superficiality and the omission of salty details that would have increased general reader interest a hundred-fold. The "Black Sox" scandal of 1919, for instance, is given the once-over-lightly. And why has "Babe" Ruth been ignored by the owners who made a fortune on him? And why is Rogers Hornsby fooling around with "outlaw" teams in Mexico while half a dozen big league clubs are piloted by gents not fit to step onto the same field with him? And how about "Satchel" Paige, considered by many the greatest pitcher who ever lived, but shunned by majors and minors alike because he is a Negro? There's a lot of dirty wash in organized baseball that needs laundering badly. Grayson, or somebody like him, ought to take a crack at it one day.

Meanwhile, sentimental oldsters will get a kick out of rereading the exploits of Ty Cobb, who could score from first on an infield hit; Matty's pitching duels with "Three Fingered" Brown; the fatal slip in 1908 when Fred Merkle didn't touch second; "Home Run" Baker's feats in the 1911 series; Snodgrass's schoolboy muff a year later; the 1914 Boston Braves's "Miracle Men" who were last on July 8, but came thundering through to win the pennant by ten games, and lasso the Athletics four straight; Tinker to Evers to Chance; Cobb, Crawford, and Veach; Hans Wagner and Walter Johnson and Willie Keeler and all the other names that bring back memories of a game that has changed by imperceptible stages from a truly "national pastime" to just one more "big business," as impersonal and colorless, on the whole, as the assembly line at the Ford plant.

THE STORY OF the 1919 "Black Sox" sell-out, which nearly destroyed organized baseball, is something straight out of gangster movies. Scott Fitzgerald used it in his unsurpassed study of a bootlegger, "The Great Gatsby." John Lardner's *Satevepost* story on it six years ago is still talked about in sporting circles.

Baseball enjoyed a big season the year after World War One. The Chicago White Sox, one of the great teams of all time, romped through the American League for an easy pennant. Eddie Collins, "Shoeless Joe" Jackson, Ray Schalk, Buck Weaver, Eddie Cicotte, Chick Gandil, and their pals packed too much power for their opposition, even though the club was riddled with dissensions and cliques that the manager, Kid Gleason, could scarcely control. The National League winner, the Cincinnati Reds, on the other hand, was completely lacking in class. It had a star in center field in Eddie Roush, and a smart hombre in right named "Greasy" Neale (later he became a famous football coach). For the rest, the squad consisted of a bunch of guys named Joe who had managed to nose out some other mediocre teams in a typical National League dog-fight. On paper, the White Sox figured to slaughter the Reds; the first odds in the betting were 5 to 1. It was an ideal set-up for a double-cross, and a gang of smart hoodlums moved in for the kill.



It is generally believed that the evil genius behind the big fix was the notorious gambler, Arnold Rothstein, but there is no evidence to support such a notion. He admitted that he had heard of the goings-on, and won a tidy sum by betting on the Reds, but it was easy to believe that he had no actual part in the plot when the full details were revealed. The affair was manhandled from start to finish. Most of the players involved never got a cent of pay-off money; that's why they were so ready to "sing" when the heat was turned on. The "secret" was so badly kept that on the morning of the first game, the odds had slipped from 5 to 1, where they belonged, to even money—a crystal-clear indication to the gambling fraternity that there was something extremely rotten in the state of Denmark.

Eight members of the Chicago club were involved in the deal: Gandil, Cicotte, Jackson, Felsch, Weaver, Risberg, Williams, and McWilliams. They were slated to receive $100,000 for throwing the series; actually they collected a quarter of that sum. The other members of the team knew nothing of the crooked set-up; Collins, Schalk, Kerr, and others played their hearts out in the series; the manager, Gleason, literally cried on the bench while his charges kicked games away with bush-league boners that were incomprehensible at the time.

The Reds won the first game, 9 to 1. Cicotte, a great pitcher, hit batsmen in the back, had his offerings hammered to all corners of the park by third-rate nonentities. In the second game, the Sox pitcher, Claude Williams, noted for his perfect control, passed three men in one vital inning, and literally handed the contest to the Reds by a 4-2 score. The "dope" had been crossed so thoroughly in these games that the public was confounded. Not so the professional gamblers, however. They watched the Cincinnati crowds go delirious with joy, and chuckled grimly to themselves. Chicago won the third game by a shutout. Dickie Kerr, the Sox pitcher that day, was not in on the sell-out.

By this time, the crooked players were whining for their pay-off. The tinhorn gamblers came across with ten thousand dollars for Cicotte in time to assure his kicking away the fourth game, 2-0, by such flagrant misplays that the Chicago owner, Charles A. Comiskey, put private detectives on the trail. The White Sox managed to lose the next game too, 5-0, making the count four to one, but in those days it took five victories to bag the world's

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championship. Kerr won another game for Chicago, and then the insiders added another double-cross to the record. Cicotte really pitched in the next game, the White Sox won in a walk, and gamblers all over the country were neatly euchred out of thousands of dollars. That about ended the party, however. Rumors had become so rife that everybody had the jitters. The last game was a shambles; the crooked Sox players scarcely bothered to conceal the fact that they were giving their all for Cincinnati; the Reds won the series, five games to three.

The crooked players were exposed publicly some months later. Their names were expunged from league records; they were barred from organized baseball for life. Cicotte won jeers with his dogged assertion that he had "done it for the wife and kiddies." Joe Jackson, most pathetic of the disgraced players, had gotten at the most a thousand dollars for his pains; was such a magnificent natural hitter that he hit .375 in the series when he was trying to strike out. "Say it ain't true, Joe," pleaded one of his teen-age fans when the news of the sell-out became public. "Shoeless Joe" hung his head.

That scandal of twenty-five years ago probably will never be repeated in organized baseball. In the first place, controls have been tightened, with doughty old Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis reading the riot act to any mavericks who stray one step from the fold. In the second place, the 1919 series proved that too many cooks had to be involved in a deal of this sort, with the broth suffering the traditional results. Under the complicated conditions of present-day life, there are a thousand crooked set-ups open to petty chisellers and racketeers, all easier than "fixing" baseball games....

I WOULD LIKE to end this baseball column on a happier note by retelling a bit of the wonderful saga of Two-Top Gruskin, the two-headed pitcher, discovered by Ed Gardner, the incomparable Archie of Duffy's Tavern.

Duffy's Irish Yankees have mechanical perfection, but no color. "This guy, Athos and Porthos McGinnes may be your dish," says Dugan the shortstop, to the disconsolate Duffy. "They call him Two-Top Gruskin for short, I guess, on account of him having two heads."

"A pitcher with two heads?" says Duffy dubiously. "You think it'd be a novelty?"

"What if it ain't?" points out Dugan. "Who else could watch first and third base at the same time? Besides, he's a great guy to pitch doubleheaders."

So Two-Top is summoned from his home (Walla Walla, of course) and arrives to sign his contract in a dress suit. "What are all you guys staring at?" he asks sourly. "Ain't none of you seen a tuxedo before?"

"Two-Top," says Duffy, "I'm a man of few words. Report tomorrow. There's a uniform and two caps waiting for you. Waiter, bring my new pitcher two beers."

Two-Top wins a masquerade that very night by disguising himself as a pair of bookends with a copy of "My Son, My Son" between the two heads. The next afternoon Duffy introduces him to his catcher, Gorilla Hogan, who measures 6 foot 14 inches and squats standing up. "Most people," says Duffy proudly, "calls Gorilla a monstrosity, and I agree with them—a swell guy." Gorilla soon gets into trouble with Two-Top however. He signals for a high fast one. Two-Top nods "yes" with one head, but shakes the other one "no." Confused and mortified, Gorilla hurls off his mask and yells to Duffy, "Duffy, you such and such, I am sick and tired of two-headed pitchers around this place."

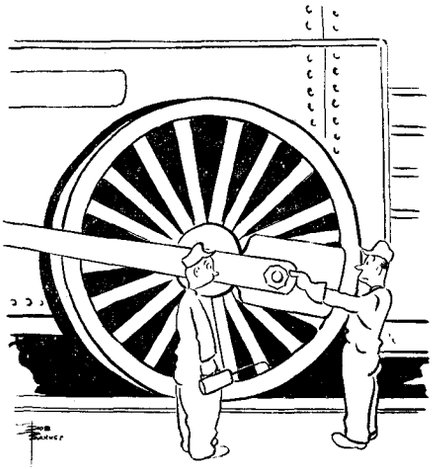
"Take it easy," soothes Duffy. "Talk it over with the guy. After all, three heads is better than one."

But the Gorilla says "It's no use, Duffy. I got a feeling that the guy ain't normal. Besides, you notice how he's always got those two heads together? Maybe he's cooking up a strike around here. No, sir, one of us will have to go, Duffy—and don't forget who owns the baseball."

Well, that's the end of Two-Top Gruskin's baseball career. For a while he watches tennis matches for the News of the Day. Then the Army gets him. The doctor takes his chart to the colonel. "Lemme see," says the Colonel. "Eyes—blue and brown. Hair, blonde and brunette. Mustache: yes and no. This guy sounds as if he's got two heads." "He has," says the doc. "Oh," says the colonel.

Two-Top will be a big success in the Army as soon as he can make up his mind which head to salute.

BENNETT CERF.



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DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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But Not Too Much

THE GHOST TALKS. By Charles Michelson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1944. 245 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY F. PRINGLE

HERE are no revelations in the Raymond Moley-Stanley High manner. In the first place, Charley Michelson is a modest man. "I was not of the policy-forming group," he writes. "I was not the father confessor of the party or the President; I was merely the press agent." In the second place, it becomes clear in reading these pleasant recollections of a competent ghost that he does not approve of those who serve, and then tell all the secrets they know.

But if there are few headlines in the reminiscences of the man who was behind so many headlines they are, none the less, both absorbing and important. Michelson's book will be studied by all the forthcoming biographers of President Roosevelt and by the historians, too. They will regret that Michelson did not tell more about the early years of his job as ghost for the Democratic Party. These were, perhaps, the years of his greatest skill and usefulness. Al Smith had been crushingly defeated. President Hoover and the booming stock market made the outlook for Democracy gloomy. Parties out of power normally do little except wait and pray for happier days to come again.

This was not in the program of John Raskob, that strange little amateur politician whose devotion to Smith had made him the party's chairman. Raskob weaned Michelson away from his job as head of the *New York World's* Washington Bureau. From that moment on, new life spread through the ranks of the dejected Democrats. Speeches in an unending stream poured from Michelson's typewriter. They were delivered by Senators, members of the House, and party leaders. They excoriated the G. O.P. and Mr. Hoover, and they prepared the ground for Roosevelt's election in 1932.

Luck, the market crash, and the depression helped, of course. Charley Michelson admits his partisanship for Roosevelt, but he is far too good a journalist to deny that fate was working on the side of the Democratic National Committee.

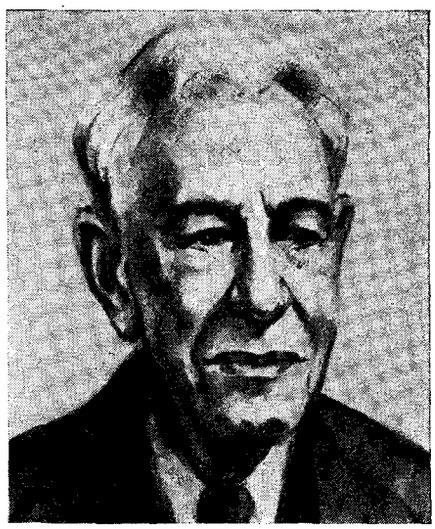
"Good luck and good management must be accorded equal responsibility for the rise of Franklin Roosevelt," he notes. "During every phase of his advent to eminence his fairy godmother was on the job. . . . His Aladdin's lamp has not failed him up to date."

The value of "The Ghost Talks" lies less, it seems to me, in Michelson's discussion of such major events as the London Economic Conference than in his observations on the personalities of the New Deal. New light is thrown on the characters and peculiarities of Moley, Louis Howe, and the other early favorites. Howe, he thinks, was the most loyal and disinterested among all the President's advisers. This "frail, gnomelike figure" influenced Roosevelt more than anybody else.

Moley and Howe detested each other, for the simple reason that each sought preference with the President. Michelson is inclined to think that Moley was underestimated, particularly by the professional politicians. He had "superb technical skill in economic matters." He "had a fine gift for phrase making." But nobody, Michelson or Moley or Howe, ever wrote the final draft of a Roosevelt speech.

> I was never present (he says) when a big speech was born that the President did not take the political viands offered and cook them in his individual way. Take it from one rather experienced in the formation and presentation of speeches: Franklin Roosevelt is a better phrase maker than anybody he ever had around him.

Michelson makes the flat assertion that the President would not have run for a third term had it not been for the war. He thinks that Roosevelt would, today, far rather lay down his heavy burdens. But he offers no clue to what action will be taken. His book reveals what is so obvious: the poverty of the Democratic Party. There is no candidate available who can possibly pick up the burdens. There is none, except the President, who could win.



Charles Michelson

Being a first-rate journalist as well as a student of politics, it is inevitable that Michelson should write with realism instead of sentimentality. Those who want to understand American political life as it really is will find valuable material in "The Ghost Talks." Regarding the 1932 convention, where Jouett Shouse of the ultimate Liberty League was opposing Roosevelt, Michelson writes:

> If the Roosevelt forces had not double-crossed Jouett Shouse in 1932, Jouett would have double-crossed Franklin Roosevelt, and Al Smith, Bert Ritchie, or Newton Baker—or a Republican, possibly Herbert Hoover again—would have become president, and the New Deal would not have been.

That, dear reader, is the way it works.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 527)

ROBERT HILLYER:
APRIL MORNING

The day is as frail
As gossamer.
. . . . . .
Today is waking
The robin, the thrush,
The first note shaking
The gray suspense:
The first love-making
Of innocence,
Rending the veil
Between spirit and sense . . .
The day so pale,
The light so frail.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 46

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 46 will be found in the next issue.

Q BGQPDNHKQBL NC Q CHEKQERFMNCD AQMINKT RQPIAQBO.

—S. O. BHHCGJGMD.

—BQONH CWGGPX.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 45

SOME, FOR RENOWN, ON SCRAPS OF LEARNING DOTE, AND THINK THEY GROW IMMORTAL AS THEY QUOTE.

—EDMUND YOUNG.

—LOVE OF FAME.

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a rude awakening for white America!

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World Citizen in the Making

JOURNEY FROM THE EAST: An Autobiography. By Mark J. Gayn. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1944. 426 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by HANS W. WEIGERT

MARK GAYN calls his story an autobiography. At thirty-five, many in our time have seen and suffered enough to tell a strange story. Few write it down while they are still so close to their own past. If they do, the outcome is mostly an arguing with the shadows of the past rather than a final report. Gayn is no exception. Yet his moving, because human and wise, story leaves a deep impression on the reader, even if the latter may have thought he had been surfeited with books about Asia by American journalists. Out of this book avalanche there comes a story that is different.

You see a Russian boy grow up in a tiny Chinese village near the Manchurian-Mongolian frontier. He remembers faintly the rock suspended over a clear stream and the dark-blue mountains. Chinese workmen and soldiers, bandits, Cossacks, and Buryats are the companions of his childhood. But there are other shadows of the past more clearly discernible: the strong-willed father, a lumberman who once ruled over vast forests and sawmills in Manchuria; the mother who left her peaceful and settled life in a Siberian town for greater solitudes. In her devotion to her children and passion for culture and music she resembles one of the women of Tolstoy.

This story of Gayn's parents is a literary masterpiece. But it has greater significance, for it reveals the rare human background of the author, a background which enabled him to perceive almost instinctively the pulse and the greatness of the revolution of Asia. His thinking was molded in Chinese, English, and Soviet schools, and war and revolution meant normalcy to him. He lived, a boy and a young man, in a cruel and tortured world which the others coming to it from our bastions would hardly understand completely.

At twenty-two, he went to California and his years in American colleges made him an American. When his dream to become a journalist came true, he went back to China, to "level-headed and cynical" Shanghai. He became an editor of China's leading paper, *The China Press,* and a correspondent for *The Washington Post.* But America meant home to him now and his long journey had become a "journey from the East."

Mark Gayn is a brilliant journalist and, sometimes, he proves that he is also a born artist. His actors on the Chinese scene file by in colorful parade: Borodin who had been chosen to be the brain of a revolution that would seek to destroy Britain's empire in Asia and sovietize China (did he really, as Mr. Berg, once run a school for immigrants in Chicago?), Chang Hseuh-liang, the "Young Marshal" who kidnapped Chiang Kai-shek to make him the dictator of China, the evil Tojo, whom Gayn interviewed in 1936 when he was a widely unknown gendarmerie-Himmler in Manchuria, and Chiang Kai-shek. Gayn's portrait of Chiang is extremely interesting, although, significantly enough, he admits that the character of China's president remained to him an enigma and a challenge. Is he one of China's immortals, or merely another warlord? Indeed, political psychoanalysis is difficult when the patient masks his mind beneath fine phrases and noble gestures.

Gayn went to Chikow, Chiang's birthplace. Of the 4,000 inhabitants of this clean and dormant village, perhaps half bear the name of Chiang. Gayn discovered that this village of Chiangs represents "China's New England at its most intolerantly puritanical." And thus he found a partial answer to his question about Chiang: nobody who came out of this village could be a champion of Communism. Beyond Chikow Gayn discovered the mental pattern that had molded the mind of China's leader: to the reforms which could give food to the millions of China, it preferred the self-righteous doctrines of Confucius.

It is evident that Gayn's analysis cannot be termed objective; but even though he is often rather quick in his generalizations, they are always debatable and often fascinating. Equally

Mark Gayn

powerful as his appraisal of the main actors on the Chinese scene is Gayn's moving story of the masses who are the clay in the hands of the mighty ones. His Chinese workers and students, Czech soldiers and Russian refugees, and the Japanese middle class people are living human beings; his report of the death agony of a starving and systematically doped population in China's coastal regions is terrifying.

All those who are still in doubt about the deadly seriousness of the coming battle of the peace in Asia should read this book. Perhaps it is sometimes too pessimistic and does not stress enough the hopeful features in China's revolutionary picture. But it cannot be denied that Gayn's analysis of the future of China's vast, poverty-stricken stratum of peasantry or of Japan's industrialized masses as part of a future Asiatic society is sound and thought-provoking. "Journey from the East" is more than a skilful study by a newspaperman, it is a human document and a serious warning which should not go unheeded.

The Mallard

By Martha Bacon

HOW beautiful is the mallard, rising
From the brown, ruffled water,
The Viking creature on the strong wing cruising,
Bronze throat and the white wake stirring after,

The fierce lunge into cool April
Sky of New England! No bloom troubles
The dry twig, nor sap runs in the tendril.
Winter is dead as Yorick and no flower ennobles

The sparse bones of the wolf perished
After long hunger. With hands reaching
We call the mallard by name, the herald furbished
In bronze and snow, of the wild spring approaching.

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Rural Emporiums

PILLS, PETTICOATS AND PLOWS. The Southern Country Store. By Thomas D. Clark. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1944. 359 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS

RIDING up a creek bed in Middle Tennessee many years ago, I asked my companion, the chore boy in John Virgin's general store in Cross Plains, to tell me the favorite medicine of the local population. "Well," he said in a high, squeaky voice, "most of 'em drink 'Black Draught'!" That was the horrific name of an alcoholic laxative compound which was a staple article of sale in innumerable general stores throughout the South, and with the ladies' choice, "Wine of Cardui," also made by the Chattanooga Medicine Co., was supposed to counteract the effects of a diet too exclusively made up of fat pork, corn bread, and molasses.

Fat pork, corn, and molasses: the wearisome reiteration of these items on the penciled orders sent in to the country stores serves to emphasize the dominant theme of this book—the poverty and wretchedness of the Confederate States after the Civil War. An exhausted and defeated people tried to live in a new world by raising one crop—cotton—on a diet of fat pork and laxatives. The old plantation system, though morally repugnant, socially outmoded, and economically doomed, had provided the necessary food, clothing, and shelter for the rural population. Now, confronted by the money economy of the North, and at the mercy of the wholesale houses of Baltimore, Cincinnati, Louisville, and St. Louis, it mortgaged its crops before they were planted—and always the crop was cotton. The immediate agent in this business was the general store, which began to flourish after 1865.

Mr. Clark's book might be more succinctly written, but it tells the story of the post-bellum South from a new and intimate angle. From the country store went arms and ammunition for the hunter, and the Ku Klux Klan; devitalized fine white flour to deplete the Southern constitution; patent nostrums to soothe outraged nature; clothing of the cheapest possible sort for Sunday and workday wear; the wretched two-dollar Massachusetts brogan (rights and lefts made on the same last), the hookworm's ablest ally, to plague the Southern foot; and innumerable other items of the stock in trade, staple groceries, hardware, meat, dress goods, kerosene, millinery,

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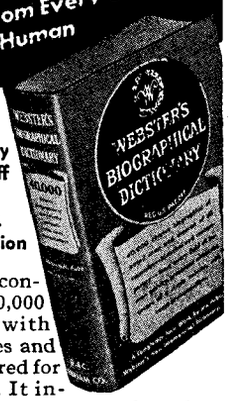

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Practically all of the country store's merchandise was sold on the credit system. A Southern editor said: "The cotton mania and the credit system are our twin manias." It is only as the South has tended to diversify its crops and has accepted industrialism that conditions have changed; but in 1907 in Tennessee the chief industries of one small settlement were the humming of the A. T. & T. trunk lines overhead and tobacco raising and chewing below.

One minor difference between the North and that of the South appears. In the North the store sent out a clerk to take orders from the villagers and adjacent farmers; in the South the customer sent his order to the store, scribbled on a piece of paper, by a messenger on mule back. The reason is, of course, the state of the roads—always an indication of the cultural and economic level of a nation or a community. But good roads or bad, men gathered at the Southern crossroads store as they did in the North, and around the stove or on the porch cussed and discussed the state of the nation.

The radio has dulled the wits of the country store discussion groups; the parcel post, the chain stores, the hard road, and the automobile, these have dealt the general store a mortal blow, but as an institution almost peculiarly American, the rural emporium played an important part in the economic and political life of the country. Mr. Clark's extended and first-hand study of the general store in the South is a document of nostalgic and melancholy interest.

THE NEW PULITZER AWARDS

(*Continued from page* 10)

taken the heft of reality and communicated it on the page.

History

The Pulitzer Prize for history has gone to MERLE CURTI for his "The Growth of American Thought." Born in Papillion, Nebraska, on September 15, 1897, Mr. Curti has been successively a member of the history departments of Smith College, Teachers College of Columbia University, and the University of Wisconsin. He has been a contributor to historical, biographical, sociological, and literary journals and is the author of several books on American international relations. Writing of "The Growth of American Thought" in *The Saturday Review* of October 30, 1943, Dean Christian Gauss of Princeton University was severely condemnatory of it. His review drew forth letters from several eminent historical authorities taking issue with its strictures and pointing out the careful documentation and important cultural implications of Mr. Curti's work.

Poetry

In bestowing its award for poetry on the late STEPHEN BENÉT'S "Western Star" the Pultizer Committee has chosen the work which would undoubtedly have won the prize on a popular vote. A fragment of a projected narrative poem which was to have chronicled the flinging of America West from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the portion published sets the character of the work in its depiction of the settlement of Jamestown and Provincetown. Writing of "Western Star" in *The Saturday Review* of July 10, 1943 his friend and fellow poet, Leonard Bacon, said:

> Everything that those who knew him loved and admired in Stephen Benét is in this book. . . . Its episodes are the substance of freedom hoped for, the very affirmation and action of liberty in the mind. We may be proud, every one of us, that this voice spoke in our time and place, that in our moment of conflict and trial such things were said among us.

Biography

CARLETON MABEE, author of "The American Leonardo, The Life of Samuel F. B. Morse," which has won the Pulitzer Award for biography, was born in 1914 in the French Concession at Shanghai, China. He was educated in China and America, was graduated from Bates College, and took a doctor's degree at Columbia University. In the course of his career Mr. Mabee has been truck-driver, information agent for a travel bureau, and teacher. He is at present a resident of Maine though the material for his prize-winning book was gathered in various parts of the country. Donald Porter Geddes, reviewing "The American Leonardo" in *The Saturday Review* of May 22, 1943, wrote:

> "The American Leonardo" is a big book as befits a big man. It is a very important book because it shows the frailty and fallibility of a great man. And it also shows that the permanent good that a man does is not to be measured in terms of his temporary emotions."

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The Sense of the Common Tie

THE COMMON THREAD: A Book of Stories. By Michael Seide. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1944. 201 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by STRUTHERS BURT

THESE ten stories, and each one of them, have a curious and exceptional quality; to anyone who thinks as I do, a very beautiful one. They are like vellum held up to the light. I daresay we have all done that at one time or another—held a piece of vellum up to the light. There seems to be an instinctive desire to do so, for there is about vellum an impression of a mellowness, a glow waiting to be emphasized, that needs only the light to be seen. The experiment is worth making, for whatever is on the vellum, illumination, or printing, or writing, takes on a new value, a new aura; new color. This simile, it seems to me, carried over into story-telling, or even the writing of history, makes the difference between good writing and bad.

If there is an inner glow, a light beyond, then the story is a good story, and a full one, and true; also a universal one, no matter how narrow the surface field or subject, for light is one of the universal qualities. Everyone knows what it is, and even if he does not understand light as a whole, or that particular aspect of it, he recognizes it as light.

Mr. Seide has called this collection of his, "The Common Thread," and so he must have had in mind some such idea as I have been trying inadequately to state, but writers seldom realize the limits of what they have done; either the bad limits or the good limits, and the better writers they are, the less they realize the good limits. Good writers write "far beyond themselves." These stories have a common thread, a universal one, but the thread is not common, that is, unless you use the adjective in its older sense; meaning, general, pertaining to more than one person. And this, of course, is what Mr. Seide meant. Death is common, but it is not commonplace. Or banal. Or vulgar. Or low, as the use of the word common is now usually intended. Birth is also common. The Book of Common Prayer is common, but it is not trite, even if the Church Fathers did make the grave error of calling St. Jerome's Latin version of the Bible the Vulgate. Common is a very beautiful word used in its older sense, and Mr. Seide's common thread is a thread of gold. The common gold thread of the knowledge that all men and women are in certain grave and determining aspects the same, and that they all have certain common aspirations, and that in everyone there is at least a small stitch of this same thread of gold, caught there, right in the middle of the shoddy.

This is one of the oldest bits of knowledge there is. And all wise people know it, but even wise people often forget. And millions of people never realize it at all. And whenever a wise person forgets, or a stupid person does not know, there is a vacuum, cold and dangerous, into which at any moment cruelty, and injustice, and intolerance may enter. You cannot hate a Jew if you have a sense of this common thread, for you will know that he is a man like yourself. You cannot hate any man because of his color, or his ways, or his customs. You can hate him only because of some individual reason, and that must be a good one, or you'll end up by hating yourself.

To hate indiscriminately is to indulge in a vicious circle, and at the end of the completed circle, is the man who hates.

It seems strange that this so common knowledge has to be repeated century after century when the Son of Man was crucified for being the Son of Man.

Mr. Seide's people all live in Brooklyn, and they are fairly new Americans; either Americans who have come to this country, bringing some of their old ways with them, to their own bewilderment and that of older Americans; or else the children of these new-comers. There was a time, and not so long ago, when older Americans realized the wistfulness and color and fineness of this—these newer Americans seeking something they had heard about, something that would make them erect men and women of a promise and a dispensation. But it takes time, of course. It takes adjustment, some of it bitter. Everyone must have patience and good sense, and a feeling for the common thread. Those who have none of the last, although they may be interested in Mr. Seide's stories for some other reason, for their technique, or their atmosphere, or their wry humor, or occasional pathos, will find them fairly exotic; as exotic, let us say, as the average inhabitant of Iowa would find a good deal of Brooklyn, or the average inhabitant of Brooklyn would find a good deal of Iowa. Those who have a sense of the common thread will find these stories as American in their own way as the stories of O. Henry or Ernest Hemingway. The plots are extraordinarily simple. One story, so far as the plot is concerned, is no more than the buying of a suit in a chain-store on the part of a shy, abnormally sensitive boy under the guidance of

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BLOOD FIGHTS FOR FREEDOM

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his "worldly" assured older brother. Another story—so far as the plot is concerned—is no more than whether two boys shall go to the synagogue during Yom Kippur or to the movies. That's all there is to them, but that's only the beginning.

They are very good stories.

I would like to go back, more or less, to the simile of the illumined vellum.

The Chinese make beautiful lamp shades out of oiled paper. On the outside they paint figures of various kind. The paper of which the shades are made is ordinary paper, but when properly oiled, shellac being mixed with the oil, the light given out is a most lovely one; diffused and mellow and strong. For some reason, you are more aware of the light, hidden as it is, than with most shades. Take away the shade, and the light in all its bareness and eye-wounding glitter is of course visible. Take away the light, and the shade becomes a dull rather cheap thing. By day the shade is dead. The shade needs the light, and the light needs the shade. It seems to me that writing is very much like this. If it is entirely without inner light, than the decorations, however clever, have no illumination. They are dead. If it is nothing but supposed light, then it is all candlepower and watts, and actually it is as dead as no light at all. For what is not life, is dead. There is no alternative. And what is not the truth, is the opposite of the truth, and so a lie.

Reality, or, if you will, realism, is certainly not merely a mechanistic light. Art is most certainly not merely a decorated shade. Neither gives a true illumination, for the true illumination is what the eye instinctively wants. Hence the use of both light and shade.

SMUTS—WORLD LEADER IN WAR AND PEACE

(*Continued from page* 7)

mense amount of English capital has been exhausted in the last four and a half years. The British Government has financed one-half of its war expenditures through taxation—a magnificent record. One of the great dangers we shall face in our post-war world, a peril to ourselves and to other nations, is the possibility of our insisting upon measures of economic nationalism, as we did by our increasingly high tariffs in the '20s and early '30s. We must not by any chance block the restoration of Britain's trade and capital by such isolationist economic policies.

And on this point, never let us overlook the achievement, the contribution of the plain, old-fashioned man who is the backbone of the United Kingdom, as he still is of America, I believe; the unsung hero who in time of peace works day and night for independence and financial security for his family, the one who has learned to spend less than he produces, the brave and sturdy man who, bit by bit, saves and builds and rebuilds the capital of his country that is vital to its well-being and progress. I cannot believe that that type has vanished from our own country nor has been broken or beaten down in Britain.

And as for the strength of Britain's wholesome political influence upon the Continent of Europe at the war's end, about which Marshal Smuts has some misgiving, let us recall for our comfort that Europe's integrity will not depend merely upon some formula, even though it be useful and workable, of power mathematics. There is on the Continent, as we all know, a solid basis of ideas which date and derive their strength from Roman and Christian unity going back a thousand, perhaps two thousand, years or more. Of that unity Britain has been a great, an inseparable part. Even if weakened in a material sense, she cannot cease to be such an integral part. Her own glorious record and achievement in this struggle to preserve civilization and freedom will serve not to weaken but to strengthen her influence upon the Continent of Europe. If that certain ancient union in spirit, that ceaseless power of ideas, still exists, it will work itself out in life and action. Britain, after the end of this awful struggle, will be looked up to by the lesser democracies of Europe as a greater, a wiser, and a more steadfast leader than she has ever been heretofore.

Lure of the African Night

Even in the midst of these crowded and anxious days, if I have a quiet moment, my mind harks back to those tales that the General would tell us, of the heart-breaking campaigns of the Boer War, of Oom Paul Kruger, and of all the wild life of the African bush that surrounded us. That was almost eight years ago on our camping trip in the vast Kruger animal preserve. Twilight would have suddenly vanished and the big yellow African moon would be slowly peeping above the rim of the world. We would be sitting around a roaring campfire, with the solemn tom, tom, tom of the Kaffir drums sounding through the night, the occasional roar of a hungry lion or the mocking laugh of the hyenas prowling along the banks of the sluggish river. And overhead in that marvellous star-spangled sky, with milky ways so vast that, like a great belt of diamond dust, they lightened all the heavens, the great Southern constellations wheeled their radiant measure across the firmament. The affairs of this world seemed remote and of little moment. It was the majestic march of the universe that held us enthralled, the troublous affairs of little men fading away into a dim and misty memory—"What is man that Thou art mindful of him?"

His Philosophy of Confidence

It was at times like that that the General would in his talk range over the field of human affairs. In the solitude of the African wild that he had always loved and sought he gained new strength to meet the trials and errors of this world. His holistic philosophy which he has many times expounded maintains that in the nature of things there is something eternal, a force, both material and spiritual, that permeates the entire system of nature, something everlasting that in the course of human events will eventually heal the world and make it whole. After the disaster of the present struggle we must lose no time in piecing the broken fragments together. They will gradually be fitted into one another to make workable a world for men of good will and determination.

This, then, is the statesman and philosopher who once said to me: "I have but one merit, that of never despairing. I remain at heart an optimist." Can it be denied that all those who have had intimate contacts with General Smuts have gained from his brave and buoyant outlook something of the steadiness and calm that mark his own course in life? His bodily vigor, his power of work, the range and clarity of his mind, his delight in the fauna and flora of his own beloved land, his immense interest in almost every phase of science—all these attributes give solidity and permanence to his sure conviction that in this world Good is finally far more powerful than Evil. In terms even of Hitler and his brutal partners—and this may be an appropriate note on which to end—General Smuts has declared that those savage creatures by their very barbarism have served to mobilize against themselves for their final downfall the greatest forces on this earth—that of America, of Britain, and of Russia; and thus are again making manifest, as Jan Smuts has put it—"that in the moral order of the universe Evil always defeats and destroys itself and becomes subservient to the Good."

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The Phoenix Nest

I THANK Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio for a second letter in reply to one of mine. I have already completely stated my own position on the present soldiers' vote bill, so that I am sorry he feels, as he says, that

> It seems to me to be entirely satisfactory. I enclose a copy of my speech giving reasons for my views. I see no reason whatever why under the bill which was passed, any soldier who has sufficient interest to fill out a postcard which will be available at every post, should not vote the same ballot which you and I vote.

I can only hope that it will work out like that. I doubt it very much indeed.

But I am glad that the Senator says he is strongly in favor of the anti-poll tax bill, and will also vote for cloture in order to bring it to vote. That's fine!

Naturally my verses about Congress's "vacation" were sardonic in intent. I know that conscientious Congressmen have a great deal of work to do; and in order to be perfectly fair, I am glad to print the Senator's remarks in regard to Congressional recess. They are as follows:

> The work of a Congressman or Senator is only in part legislation. He is simply swamped by correspondence and calls from constituents who wish to express their views on legislation, or desire his assistance in some business with the departments. This work goes on whether Congress is in session or not. In fact, the twelve days recess gave me the first opportunity to catch up with my correspondence for a number of months. Furthermore, a Congressman is supposed to account to his constituents and also find out what their opinion is on issues before Congress. It is almost impossible to do this entirely by correspondence. A Congressman should spend some proportion of his time at home, and my experience is that there is absolutely no vacation about a visit home. In fact, you are subjected to more personal calls from constituents and more work in making speeches to organizations than if you stay in Washington. I doubt very much if any of the Senators could look upon the last twelve days recess as a vacation in any sense.
>
> Congress was in continuous session from the first of January, 1940, until the end of 1943. Of course we did not meet all of this time, but never recessed more than three days at a time. The actual legislative business has never required continuous sessions for twelve months, but during the war it has been desirable to be on hand at any time to deal with emergencies. There was a brief Christmas recess in 1942, and a nine weeks recess the summer of 1943. The latter represented the only real vacation which Congress has taken.

I was interested in reading through the Senator's speech before the Senate as of last January, on a State Ballot for Members of the Armed Forces. I do not question his sincerity in his contentions; but when, in this speech, he waxed heated concerning C. I. O. propaganda, he should have remembered that politics was figuring on both sides. I do not believe for a moment that the President acted as he did toward the Soldiers' Vote Bill out of any political considerations whatsoever; but his opponents as well as his proponents were certainly doing so. And when the Senator calls the newspaper *PM* "in effect a Communist paper, so to speak—the uptown Communist paper," he is just echoing a vicious and silly statement made elsewhere. *PM* has, in fact, as often as they disagreed with the Communist line, opposed it. Max Lerner, their editorial writer, is, in general, one of the most intelligent editorial-men that I read every day. His "namesake of all but one letter," Max Werner, has guessed right more often about the military developments of the war than any other military authority I read. There are lots of good things about the independent *PM*, not least the weekly poems by Bonaro Overstreet in Bill McCleery's Sunday magazine section. Any independent paper that does not have to bother about pleasing advertisers and consistently hits out at what it believes to be wrong, is going to step on toes and antagonize people. Just the same, that is the American spirit.

I suppose certain conservative business men think Mr. Sewell Avery's sit-down strike out in Chicago—I want you to meet John L. Lewis!—is the good old ruggedly individualistic American spirit too, and just ducky! But it seems to me that the picture of the human breeches-buoy in this morning's *Times* was pretty silly. Last night *The New York Sun* (April 27) talked about "Dictatorship in the Open," and got excessively steamed. Me, I am looking forward to reading a book I have recently heard about, called "Business as a System of Power," by Robert A. Brady, published by the Columbia University Press, with an introduction by Robert Lynd, who wrote "Middletown," etc. As for the present fuss, if an employe breaks the rules—Anathema! If an employer breaks them—Martyrdom! What a business!

Leonard Bacon writes me, symbolically, from Peace Dale:

> The recent explosion of temper in the *SRL* moved me to these graceless sentiments:
>
> With fatuous leer the curious
> Inquire what Art may be.
> To soak your neighbor on the puss
> Is what it means to me.
>
> To swing a wild haymaker punch
> Nor care if I hit low,
> The flesh to tear, the bones to crunch,
> That's all the Art I know.

Recently the *literati* have become infected with the war spirit, it would seem, and have gone all out for annihilating each other. I think the one sitting prettiest at the moment is Van Wyck Brooks. He really doesn't have to say *anything!*

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE CROOKING FINGER *Cleve Adams* (Reynal & Hitchcock: $2.)	Shooting of pal starts private 'tec McBride on trail of miscellaneous malefactors in Nevada town.	Moderately hard-boiled item in which McBride tangles with double-crossing politicos, crooked cops, a lurid lady, and other desprit characters.	Gets by
GREENMASK *Jefferson Farjeon* (Bobbs-Merrill: $2.)	Hiker in wild Wales meets strange characters at wayside inn and at fantastic castle. Murder, theft, and assorted violence follow.	Typical Farjeon yarn—bit hard to follow but filled to overflowing with action, thrills, romance, and much good writing.	Agreeable
THE SHADOW ON THE CLIFF *Miles Burton* (Crime Club: $2.)	Corpse at foot of Cornish cliff, and subsequent shocking events, give Capt. Desmond Merrion, Naval Intelligence, a wit-whetting case.	Combination spy and murder yarn with troopship sailings at bottom of it, and a clever code, shrewdly broken.	Standard British brand

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received eight days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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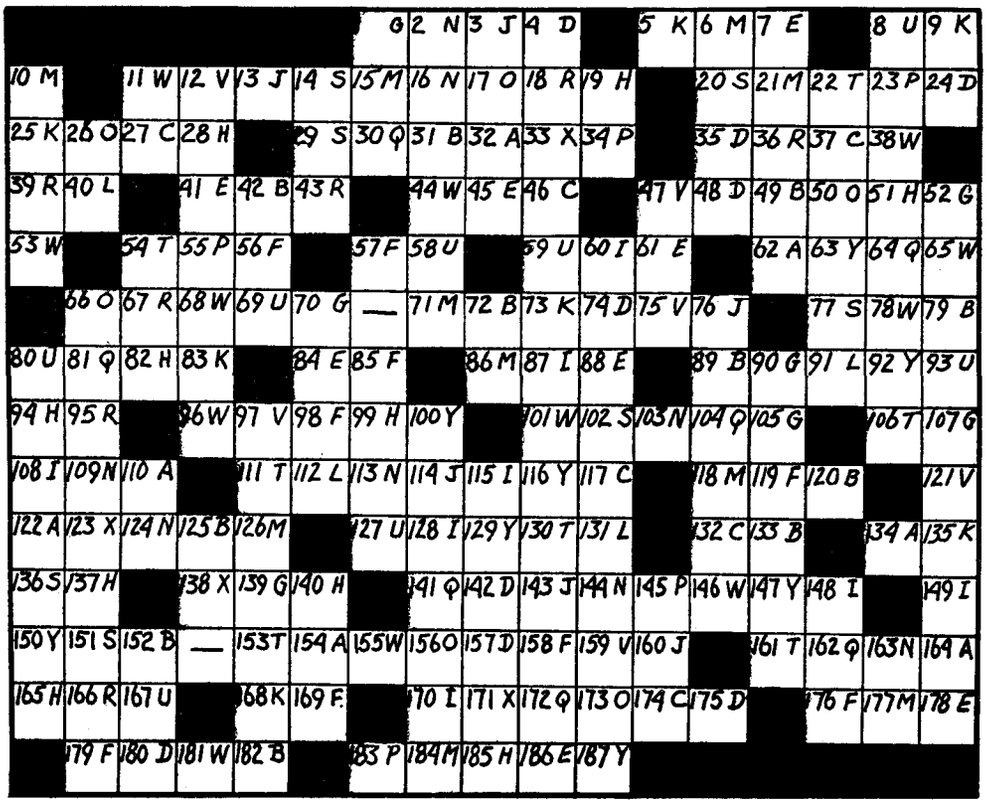
The Crostics Club

WALLACE M. DAVIS, Missoula, Mont., now in Washington, D. C., he who once pleaded for "inside dope" as to my making of DCs and got it through these columns, contributes an illuminating, if faintly humorous, "bitter truth" as to what he calls the "non-reversibility of Mr. Merriam's dictionary," through which "one learns the facts of life and becomes a case-hardened veteran of The Crostics Club." To begin for clarity's sake with his last paragraph: "As a boy in grammar school, I had a dime-store pocket dictionary in which, I recall, 'mica' was defined as 'isinglass' and 'isinglass' was defined as 'mica.' The sweet simplicity and logic of those one-word definitions!" Mr. Davis continues: "WNI just doesn't go backwards. If Mrs. K. wants a word meaning 'to vanquish' the only hope you have is to tumble onto the word 'overcome,' for 'overcome' isn't in the WNI definition of 'to vanquish.' For some reason, in the English language according to WNI, 'mean' is 'sordid' but 'sordid' isn't 'mean.' 'Apathetic' and 'indifferent' haven't reciprocity privileges either. And so on and on. I don't know why DC words have so many one-way synonyms, but that's the way it is. The only technique possible under the circumstances is to look up (in the WNI, of course) the definition of the words you *think* are the right ones. Don't, for example, waste time looking up the words Mrs. K. gives you (that's the sly part of the conspiracy and only fools beginners). By looking up enough synonyms you'll eventually come upon the one whose definition Mrs. K. copied out (quite literally, usually). If you're a cautious soul, you'd better look up your guessed word anyway, even if you're pretty sure, for if the WNI definition isn't the same as the one Mrs. K. gives, your guess is just plain wrong." I should have said earlier that Mr. Davis's witty reflections were occasioned by our porcupine-hedgehog dilemma. Personally, I am most annoyed by this "non-reversibility" when I want to give you the genus or order of a bird or animal defined by the Latin word for the genus or order but cannot find under it the particular specimen in mind. If the specimen *is* given it makes the easiest kind of absolute fact for the solver who uses reference books; as, for instance, recently, when I wanted to use up some *g's* in excess, I came across pictured the creature new to me, *dugong,* order *Sirenia,* and there he was under *Sirenia* among other similar creatures. Well, I'm glad I don't have to compile a WNI!

Talking of the making of DCs, one of the most enthusiastic tyros I've met is John S. Newberry Jr., Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich., a member of a famous local following including Robert H. Tannahill. E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 528

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 22 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Sensitiveness to pain.

B. Deadly; destructive.

C. An aquatic, herbivorous mammal of the order *Sirenia.*

D. A boor, rowdy, tough (slang).

E. One on an equality with citizens in taxation, etc. (Anc. Gr. Hist.)

F. Pertaining to a family of Californian Indians of Santa Barbara and other missions.

G. English novelist, essayist, poet (1861-1923) ("Forest Lovers").

H. A pendulum movement backward and forward (comp.)

I. Rice broth containing bits of beef (comp.) (Anglo-India).

J. Vigorous; sturdy; uneven.

K. Really; as a fact (phrase; 2 wds.)

L. A temple or shrine (Class. Antiq.)

M. To engage in a determined fight (2 wds.)

N. Doomed to misfortune or disaster (comp.)

O. "Father of the 20th Amendment" (1833) (Nebraska Senator).

P. A seaport of Brazil (nearest Africa).

Q. One of a pair in titles of Tennyson's "Idylls."

R. The baldpate (a fresh-water duck).

S. Deduces; disentangles.

T. Irritated; vexed.

U. The Philistines who acted as David's bodyguard from Gath (Bib.)

V. To release as from an obligation (colloq.; 2 wds.)

W. Well-known poem by Leigh Hunt on love of God and man.

X. Benumbed as by cold (Poetic form).

Y. Hungarian musician and composer (1877-).

WORDS

32 164 62 110 134 122 154

79 120 152 42 49 133 182 31 72 125 89

46 27 37 132 174 117

48 180 24 175 35 142 157 74 4

186 178 84 41 88 45 61 7

179 119 98 56 57 169 176 158 85

1 139 90 107 52 105 70

28 137 165 94 51 19 140 185 82 99

149 115 170 87 128 108 148 60

3 13 114 143 160 76

73 135 83 25 168 5 9

40 91 112 131

184 6 71 21 15 177 86 118 126 10

16 144 163 124 2 109 103 113

50 26 156 17 173 66

34 145 23 183 55

141 30 64 81 172 104 162

67 36 18 95 43 39 166

14 20 136 102 77 151 29

22 54 161 130 153 106 111

167 93 58 59 80 8 69 127

12 75 159 97 121 47

101 11 44 155 96 68 146 78 53 38 65 181

138 33 171 123

147 150 100 187 63 116 92 129

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CHURCHILL—Who is going to succeed him?

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